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June 1956 Congratulations and best wishes

to

Balmoral Hall Graduates

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WINNIPEG



Residence and Junior School Building

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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Balmoral Hall is ideally located. Eight acres of land surrounding the buildings provide ample space for summer and winter sports. In addition to the required academic subjects, classes are given in ART, MUSIC, DRAMATICS, PHYSICAL TRAINING, DANCING, GAMES, and SWIMMING.

Kindergarten to Grade XII

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The Head Mistress: Miss G. Murrell-Wright, B.A. Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Manitoba



MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

BACK ROW STANDING—J. Blight, J. Fitton, A. Dykes, J. Mathewson, Diane Smith. SITTING—J. McDiarmid, M. Stephenson, J. Hoare, B. Dougall, Editor, P. Smith, J. Rose, B. McRae.

THE MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE 1955-1956

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The Board of Governors
The Headmistress and the Staff
of

Balmoral Hall

invite you to attend the

Annual Christmas Carol Service

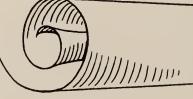
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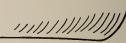
Dedication Ceremony

in the School Assembly Hall
at two-thirty o'clock
and

The Opening of the New Building

on Tuesday, the twentieth day of December, nineteen hundred and fifty-five.





EDITORIAL

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my sout, As the swift seasons roll!"

What an inspiring and timely thought for us, so recently established in a new mansion of bricks and steel, of books and pens. These lines, from "The Chambered Nautilus," framed on our drawing-room for all to see, have suggested a thought for my editorial.

Most of us remember the combined efforts and willing contributions of parents and friends to our building fund, with donations and assistance in our many projects. How can we ever forget the monumental results of the Smorgasbord and the Christmas Village; and the fun we had as sailors, villagers, and behind-the-scene workers? Swiftly and more swiftly the seasons rolled till on November eleventh, nineteen hundred and fifty-five, we "unkinked" ourselves from our subterranean quarters to move into the New Building. At last, on December twentieth, our goal was reached at the official opening ceremony.

How fortunate for us to be the first classes in the New Building! We are pioneers in these corridors, exploring and contrasting the changes. The Art room has developed from the former laundry room to a well-lit, pleasant studio; the dark, old Lab. smelling of various biological and chemistry specimens, is a thing of the past when compared with our large, airy, new Lab. The Home Economics room is no longer cramped, but stocked with modern appliances. Greatest of all changes was the transition from the active, noisy, congested "bun and milk" room, to our still active, but spacious and sound-proofed common room. The building suggests a feeling of freedom of movement and broader education from the well-stocked library, right down to the twenty-one inch screen television set.

The New Building stands here as tangible evidence of our progress, another step forward, as we continue "Seeking Better Things." Although we appreciate the changes in our "stately mansion", we are aware that more important is the development going on inside it. School days are "moulding" days for our minds and our bodies. Let us make good with all the knowledge and instruction provided here for us. As the swift seasons roll ever onward, may the standard of education that we set for ourselves in this New School Building ever be high!

Brenda Dougall, Editor



MISS M. J. DALTON Headmistress 1901-1905

A Tribute to Miss Dalton

The word of Miss Dalton's death last August turned the clock of recollection back for her old pupils of Havergal College to 1901. She opened the school as a stranger in Winnipeg but soon won the admiration and respect of her pupils and of their parents. As one of those pupils, may I express my deep appreciation of her, and an acknowledgment of her influence on my life.

I was most fortunate in being taken on my first European trip with my parents at that time and Miss Dalton whole-heartedly approved of the break in the scholastic year. She excused me from classes for some weeks prior to our departure and gave me a corner in which to peruse books of information she provided about the places we were to visit. The result was that these places were already alive for me before we started, and I was armed with lists and notations of things I should see.

That first trip abroad made an indelible impression on my life and greatly broadened my outlook on life—To Miss Dalton I owe much.

Anne Collum

GIFTS TO THE NEW SCHOOL

Balmoral Hall has said thank you many times this past year to our extraordinarily generous friends. Among the many gifts we have received is a donation towards a dictionary stand for the Library, a donation towards a shield for Sports Captains' names, a projector screen, a frigidaire for the Home Economics room, a 1955 edition of The Encyclopaedia Britannica, a television set for

the Common Room, some office furniture, new library filing cabinets, a radiometer, a microscope and a precision balance for the Laboratory, two Library tables, a plant stand and plants, a plastic relief map of Canada, three paintings, a flag for the Guide Company and a rug for the Junior Library. As we send this Magazine to Press once again we say sincerely, Thank you.

Balmoral Hall, June, 1956.

My dear Girls,

In various ways as I read your articles in this Magazine I detect a note of appreciation for the changes and improvements that have come to Balmoral Hall and instead of writing a letter I would rather quote a Psalm of Thanksgiving for this wonderful year now completed. However, as I am not too sure that you would read into the Psalm all that I am thinking, I shall gather into this letter some of the gifts to this School for which we should all be truly thankful.

Most conspicuous by its size and its importance in our lives is our new senior school building, nearly every feature of which has been referred to in some corner in this magazine. As we now use every room so completely and so naturally it is difficult to realize how we managed without a Common Room, an Art Room and a Locker Room—or how the old library could have been adequate—or how we faced the trips to the old Science Laboratory in 30° below zero weather. Less conspicuous to the casual observer but of great significance in the varying fields of your education are three pictures—you know where they are —a 1955 edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, a Frigidaire, and Television.

Still less conspicuous is the work of the Alumnae Association and the Auxiliary, your Mothers. These groups are busily working all the time, not where they will disturb you by their presence but working because they love this school or want the best for you. Their efforts are too numerous to mention but if you stop and think you will realize how much richer we are because of their help.

Let us be thankful for all our blessings this past year and let us remember with joy any opportunities we have had for useful service. Service gladly and freely given is a gift in itself. You have served others by being friendly, helpful and considerate — by being able class officers or prefects — by fulfilling to your best ability your duties on various school committees — and by serving others you have served yourselves and your School.

As you go away for a happy Summer holiday let no day go by without saying and meaning these familiar words:

"For what I have received this day, O Lord make me truly thankful".

Affectionately yours,

Shurrelbledright -



OUR HEAD GIRL - DIANE SMITH

Head Girl's VALEDICTORY

Dear Girls,

School days seem so short when you want to do so much. As I write this valedictory, I am reminded that many of us are soon to end our school days. What glorious opportunities and adventures we who are graduating can recall—the amalgamation of the two schools, the turning of the sod of our new building, and finally the opening of the building. Of my many happy memories I think the most outstanding was being present at the cutting of the ribbon by Dr. Lockhart.

Certainly the highlight this year has been the new building — with its Common Room, Laboratory, Library, Home Economics Room, and of course, the classrooms. Throughout this school year, we have not ceased to remember you who have left, but who worked for what we now enjoy. We too have worked—together with our Mothers, we planned and carried out

the Library Tea, which was a tremendous success and has helped to provide the means for cataloguing our Library and for new library books.

I shall always realize what I owe to my school — to Miss Murrell-Wright, whose constant understanding and guidance has made this year so successful; to all the members of the Staff who have taught me and now send me on to "Seek Better Things" elsewhere. To the prefects, House Heads, and girls, I should like to say that this has been a wonderful year for me as your Head Girl. To you seniors who will fulfill the positions of responsibility and authority next year, and to my successor, I give my sincerest wishes for your happiness in all that you undertake next year.

Although I find it hard to say good-bye after all these happy years, I hope to come back often to wish you well.

Love.

Diane



PREFECTS and SENIORS in the COMMON ROOM

Our Prefects

XII Carol Cross

Jacqueline Hoare

Jennifer Rose

Patricia Smith

XI Brenda Dougall Joy McDiarmid Dianne McPhail Lyn Stephen

Diane Smith -- Head Girl

"I Am The Common Room"

I am the Common Room and I speak as the Common Room. Hear my tale.

Barely had the painters moved out when girls moved in. I must have been needed for I have stored away a long list of appreciative remarks beginning with "Do you remember when we didn't have this Common Room?"

How am I used? I hardly know where to begin but if I tell you that the first month of opening produced a piano, the next month a new three-speed record player which the girls purchased themselves, (I heard about this one day at recreation) you will understand that there is music in the C.R. Where there is music and a group of girls there is dancing. Believe me Friday nights were quite interesting when a group of seniors took a short course in ball-room dancing. My walls also resound to the tuneful voices of the singing classes where I hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil.

I have witnessed interesting meetings, Guide parties, Alumnae Teas and endless moments of casual living. I seem to be the place where people "let off" but the greatest moment of all and one that I shall long remember was the occasion of the boarders' Christmas party when Staff and Prefects were the guests of honour. I remember the gay mood of the evening, the gaily-decorated Christmas tree, the sparkling eyes of excited girls, little girls in party dresses, big girls in sophisticated taffetas but all were one with uncontrolled delight when Santa brought to me, the Common Room, a gleaming new Television Set. From that day on I have been convinced that of all my companion rooms in this new building I am the most used and the happiest. I suppose that is natural for after all "I am the Common Room."



What the Cat Saw

The fire leaped and danced and spread a cheery glow through the room. The cat sat blinking in the warmth, tail curved neatly about him, eyes on the flames. Like an aged professor, he seemed to be reminiscing on past experiences. His thoughts went back and back . . .

Egypt . . . The jewelled fingers of Cleopatra stroked her furry companion. Deftly, she slipped the deadly potion into her brother's goblet as he bent, laughing, to retrieve the fan she had let fall. Slowly, she stroked, and stroked. Suddenly the youth uttered a sharp cry and fell to the floor where he writhed for a moment, twitched, and grew still. She smiled, and stroked — who would know? Only the cat had seen.

Rome . . . The agonized voice cried hoarsely, "Et tu, Brute?" as the knife plunged once more. His murderers watched as their emperor crumpled slowly to the floor; then fled silently. The cat, disinterestedly washing himself in a small square of sunlight, reflected: "So, Caesar is dead."

Britain . . . At the sound of the terror-stricken scream, the cat leaped into a doorway. Running footsteps approached, and presently a sobbing girl darted past. Her frightened eyes glanced wildly to left and right, as if in search of refuge in the cold, echoing rooms. All day her pitiful cries were heard. Then all sound ceased. Another

English queen had met her death, swiftly, at the block.

France . . . From his perch on the window sill, the cat had a perfect view of the screaming mob below. Through the crowd rumbled a cart filled with aristocrats — their faces drawn and haggard. One stood out among the rest — her snowy hair and erect body hinted at former beauty. But soon the gracious head was mutilated, the proud body broken and lifeless. The guillotine had ended the life of Marie Antoinette.

America . . . Savage screams broke the calm of the still night. One by one the family was dragged into the yard screaming . . . then the night grew still once more. The only sound was the crackling of the burning barn. After a long while, the cat crept from his hiding place and gingerly picked his way to the middle of the yard where lay a child. He sniffed her cold cheek, and then, as if summoning her to play, patted a dishevelled curl. There was no movement. He mewed plaintively several times, then began a long vigil beside his little mistress.

Is it any wonder that the cat looks so wise, so mysterious? Perhaps many of our questions would be answered if we had seen what the cat saw.

Lyn Stephen, Grade XI.

About Gipsies

Gipsies are a nomadic race who are supposed to be descended from some East Indian tribe. They first appeared in England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Although they are descendants of the East, they are more commonly seen in Europe. They do, however, show evidence of their Eastern origin. They are dark skinned; they have black hair, black or dark eyes, and pearly white teeth. A large percentage of the people have the power to hypnotize people, and have been known to offer and use remedies by using herbs in cases of sickness. They dress quite raggedly and many of them wear no shoes.

They live in caravans and move around from place to place in tribes. They live from the land but many times the police have had to chase them away. The gipsies earn their living by small occupations, such as tinkering and basket-making. They pick heather and wild flowers and arrange them neatly in baskets and sell them. Their chief occupation in England, though, is the making of clothes pegs. They strip the bark from the trees, shape it into pegs, wind tin around it, and then hang it up to dry. You will often see them in market places selling these, and it is amazing, sometimes, how quickly they sell them. The old women specialize in fortune-telling while the men usually pick the customer's pockets. The men are also very clever horse-dealers. The gipsies are known for their lovely gruel. It is similar to a stew and is made from meat, bones and many other ingredients.

The language of the gipsies is Romany, the speech of the Roma or Zincoli. It is debased Hindu dialect with a large addition of Persian, Armenian and European words. Romany is from the Gipsy word "ran" meaning a man or a husband. A Romany rye is one who enters into the

gipsy world which means a gentleman.

The gipsies have no religion, although they allow themselves to be baptized in the Christian faith. There is a legend that the gipsies are strays on the earth because they refused to shelter the Virgin and her Child when they were escaping to Egypt. Many people have wondered about the truth of this saying, because many gipsies are wealthy enough to settle down in a house instead of moving from one place to another around the countryside.

The gipsies never stay in one place too long, partly because of their unpopularity. They are quite cunning and sly and often camp on a farmer's land until, gradually, the farmer begins to notice that his ducks, chickens and geese are dis-

appearing.

The name of the largest group of gipsies in Europe is Atzigan; in Turkey and Greece they are called Tshingian; in the Balkans and Rumania Tsigan; in Hungary Zigany; in Germany Zigenorer; in Italy Zigari; in Portugal Cigano; and in Spain Gitano. The French call the gipsies cagoux, which means unsociable.

Although many people do not approve of the gipsies' way of living, I would like to be a gipsy

because I love their carefree life.

Beryl Hoare, Grade X.

The Lucky Charm

Raoul entered the swamp from the south-east pasture, never again to return home. He had lived in the sprawling shack behind him for all of his seventeen years and was sad at leaving it. But now was the time to strike out — he was too old to live with his family. His parents would be sad at first, but they would soon forget. There were eight other mouths to feed and the celery crop was going to be poor. All his life, Raoul had been a more thoughtful child than the others and had been discontented with farm life. He was independent.

Earlier in the afternoon after weeding the celery trenches, Raoul had packed a greasy slab of bacon and a big portion of cornpone into a sack, whistled to Tigre, and had left. As he trudged through the coarse cane grass he began to doubt his own ability to live alone. However, the charm on the rawhide around his neck reassured him. Nothing short of success could ever cross his path while he was wearing his charm. The charm was a yellowed alligator's tooth. Old Guan had given it to the boy. The tooth had belonged to the alligator who had taken three fingers from Guan's right hand. He had killed the beast and kept a tooth as a charm. That had happened eighty years before.

Guan had been a trapper all his life — had lived in the swamp and had finally died there. When he was ten Raoul had met the old trapper and from that time on, they were friends. The old man knew all the swamp lore and the young, inquisitive boy proved to be an ardent listener. Guan trapped opossum for a living and sold the hides to a factory for a small price. During this friendship, Raoul had matured considerably. Then suddenly, the old man died. Guan had known the end was coming and had given the charm to Raoul. This charm was a symbol of the boy's future life — swamp life. Raoul knew his would be a hard life, but he was prepared for it.

Boy and dog scrambled through the thicket, lurching over the uneven ground under lowhanging branches. This thicket was the barrier between the busy world and the peaceful swamp. Tigre jumped into the skiff by the shore, followed by Raoul who slowly poled in the direction of Guan's old cabin. There Raoul would make his headquarters. The skiff glided through the still, murky water. The swamp held no terrors for Raoul. It was a refuge for beast and man. Smoothtrunked trees rose out of mossy banks. The foliage blocked the sunlight, but here and there a stream of light would manage to sneak through onto a sandy bar. Here alligators and turtles lazed. The swamp was an endless grey-green world. Even the birds were grey — but how they could fill the swamp with music! The curacha bird was typical of the swamp — outwardly drab but so beautiful when analysed. Raoul had read about gaudy orioles, but the curachas seemed much more appealing with their throaty calls. This was Raoul's domain.

The skiff drifted along innumerable waterways and channels, all similar in appearance. But Raoul knew where he was going and with determination, poled more quickly. The cabin was leaning against two century-old trees at the end of a narrow secluded bay. The skiff bumped against the decayed dock. Raoul skilfully moored it to an eroded post and stood looking at the cabin. It would need a new door. Tigre bounded ahead and stood, barking, by the cabin. He felt at home already. Raoul closed the door behind him and pulled the curtains. The swamp was cold at night. He knelt by the hearth and lit a fire; then sat meditating. The dog lay beside him. His was a great undertaking. There was a look of wistfulness and homesickness on his face but it soon turned to one of independence and resolve. He was seventeen. He was going to be a trapper like Guan. With the aid of the charm, he would succeed.

> Gayle McLean, Grade XI.

Autumn

The oak tree stood in the garden,
Splendid, stately and still.
She had done her best,
At Nature's request
Her summer's work to fulfill.
And now like children,
Grown up and gay,
She watched as her leaves go swirling away.

Joy McDiarmid, Grade XI.

What the Cat Saw

Thibeau the cat awoke as a shadow fell across him. It was only the Child, who was clambering precariously from a window on the second floor of the apartment onto the roof to join the cat. Thibeau hoped with a sniff of protest that the Child's Mother did not know what he was doing; or surely she would carry on for hours in her harsh, tired voice. However, it happened to be that lazy time in the afternoon when everyone but little boys grows idle.

It was one of those roofs of a much older generation, generously indented with sloping garrets and caught with wooden eaves. The one peculiar feature was that the slope was so gentle, there were no doors or windows opening onto it; only a musty, unused trapdoor. By grasping the chimney corner where the rotten eave had broken away, the Child could pull himself up with a foothold on the clothes-line pole. The old building contrasted strangely with the white, superior frame of the construction immediately adjacent.

The Child crawled up the pitted roof towards the cat, dragging a mass of red and green wool after him. Thibeau's eyes narrowed sleepily, but his senses quickened to a keener sense of alertness. The Child chatted happily to the cat as he spun the wool around the corner of the brick chimney, "See, kitty, I'm making a bed for you. Mom'll maybe get mad 'cause I took it out of her sewing basket, but it's such pretty colours." He picked up the animal and cradled it in the tangle of soft wool. Thibeau struggled and lashed out to free himself. The Child was disappointed as Thibeau backed away defensively. He glanced around for another source of amusement.

The roof-top was one of the few places in the crowded city quarter that was exposed to sunlight and healthy surroundings. Every day the cat's master reached up and put him on the roof, where he could sleep in the sun, soaking in the warmth into his thin body. Because the roof was not flat, no one had ever thought of going up to sun-bathe. Modern expansion was now overflowing into the older section of the city. Witness the huge, incomplete construction upon which Peter's (for so he was named) eyes alighted with the pleasure of finding a new toy.

Forgetting Thibeau and the wool, he edged his way along the ridge pole to the far side of the building. With a child's cunning he plotted as to how to cross to the new thing. Thibeau, surefooted, padded lightly behind to watch the progress, his grey fur ruffling in a sudden premonitory breeze. Peter was already over the edge, testing footholds on the extended planks. Frowning with concentration, he reached the boarded walls which were to encase the cement foundations. The cat started

as the boy flung himself across the double casement with a flush and gasp of triumph, "Mom can't find me now," he cried. Under his pudgy weight, the two thinly constructed walls creaked and buckled outwards, too far for his inefficient grip. Three seconds after the scraping stopped, the walls sprang back to their parallel position, enclosing their captive. Silence . . . Thibeau stared and stared, his whiskers bristling. Suddenly he darted with a groan of fear towards the security of the chimney corner.

Voices floated through the air, up from the late afternoon awakening. "Ed., where did Peter go?

He hasn't been around all afternoon."

"I think down at the playground, dear."

"Well, do you suppose he took all my red and green yarn with him? I'll give him what-for when he gets home. I'll more than likely never see that

good stuff again.'

Up on the roof, the red rays of the sun had become less potent as it sank far across the city. Flitting breezes had dispelled the bank of oppressive heat. Thibeau, with ears cocked, idly tapped the swaying red and green tangle.

Brenda Dougall, Grade XI.

Le Printemps

Le ciel est bleu
Comme la mer au dessous,
Les oiseaux reviennent
Et le vent est rempli
Du bruit de la musique
Qui flotte par le monde.
Dans le jardin
Les fleurs fleurissent au soleil,
Les fleurs heureuses
Dans la chaleur du soleil.
Les arbres dépouillés
Deviennent verts aussi
Que les fleurs qui fleurissent.
Les enfants courent,
Sans contrôle.

Ils chantent
Comme les oiseaux
Et fleurissent
Comme les fleurs
Leur visage et corps montrent
L'arrivée de cette saison
Si charmante qui s'appelle
Le PRINTEMPS.

Nancy White, Grade X.

An Adventure

The sun had just crept over the horizon—the lake was squally. One could hear the squeaking of the boats at their moorings. An ardent sailor at a glance could tell you that this would be an ideal day for one of those leisurely sails.

The boat was rigged—the painter was freed from the buoy—our bow was pointed northward. The sails billowed in the breeze and the boat glided swiftly along without any appearance of effort.

Our yacht was a twenty-foot rigged ketch with sleeping quarters in the hold for four persons. Our crew consisted of Jaye, a Texan, Kathy and Caroline, two Tennesseeans, and myself—a Canadian. Our destination on this misty morning was Lincoln, located on the north shore of one of the ten thousand lakes in beautiful north-western Minnesota.

We sailed throughout the afternoon, with each person taking her turn at the tiller, while the others basked in the warmth of the sun. Towards six o'clock I happened to glance at the sky in the west. What I saw gave me a slight start and I told the others. They confirmed my observation. The wind had increased from twenty-five miles per hour to at least forty, and had shifted to the west. To a sailor a storm means wind. The violent squall from the thunder cloud is the most difficult with which to contend. Few small sailboats can ride these out under sail. Even the most expert of skippers is helpless when caught in an open lake with sails up in one of these squalls. This type of storm is forewarned by a formation of cumulonimbus clouds, thunder, and a change in the direction of the wind—usually to the west. But this phenomena had not been noticed. It looked to us all as though we were about to have an electrical storm.

In a strong wind, the danger of capsizing can be averted while beating to windward by letting the sheet run out rapidly. But our sheet had been let out as far as possible. The boat was now highsiding past the guard rail. The waves exceeded four feet, and the water continued to gush in, slowly rising in the cockpit.

We were immediately panic-stricken. The blood in my veins froze. If the sails were not lowered instantly, there was an immediate danger of capsizing, but to lower sails in a wind of this velocity was inviting certain trouble. What could we do?

From the corner of my eye, I saw Kathy climbing onto the cockpit cover. I was seized with horror. She would surely fall... She inched her way slowly and cautiously along the starboard side of the bow deck. Then my heart skipped a beat... she slipped but managed to grab the gunnel and pulled herself up. Then with determination she lay face down on the deck and with one hand on

the gunnel, she reached with the other to loosen the snap on the turn buckle which would release the jib. I thought her hand would never make it . . . The first one was off, and slowly but surely she loosened each snap from the forestay. The jib was down! Relief . . .

Having observed Kathy's courage in the face of danger, we all set about to lower the main and mizzen sails. Unsure of our footing on the slippery decks, we crawled along to the bow. Kathy went below to find some buckets with which to bale out the cockpit. Caroline crept to the stern to loosen the mizzen sail as soon as I had lowered the main. I had forgotten about Jaye, but presumed her helping Kathy.

I uncoiled the main sheet, then removed the peg from the eye bolt. One by one the slides slipped off the track. The sail had swung far over to the port side. Then without any warning, a dazzling flash of lightning zigzagged across the sky. It was followed by a second. The boom—the mast—I could see the crack beginning in the middle of the mast. Slowly it grew. Where were the others? Suddenly, I glanced to the starboard —there! clearly silhoueted by another flash of lightning was Jaye, slowly creeping along the deck. No doubt she was coming to help me. I screamed, "Jaye—the boom!" It was too late. The boom began swinging toward her. There was no escape. I twinged as I heard the dull thud of the boom strike her head and felt nauseated at the sight of her toppling overboard. Unconsciously and with no thought of fear, I lunged for Jaye and will be everlastingly thankful for the unknown strength that comes in a moment of crisis. With a firm grasp about her waist, I hauled her back into the cockpit and with the help of Kathy, we took her down to the hold. Jaye was unconscious and badly bruised about the face, but we made her as comfortable as possible.

Meanwhile Caroline had managed to free the mizzen sail, and it seemed that we were out of immediate danger. The storm was abating. We decided to set off flares to show our position in the hope that the eight o'clock watch would come to our assistance.

What seemed like an eternity was but only a few hours until help arrived. Tears welled in my eyes as the rescue boat loomed into view, its bright light focused on our stricken craft. It was then that I knew Jaye would be in safe hands. As familiar faces greeted us and embracing arms enfolded us, we knew despite our harrowing experience, a new day would dawn again.

"Look back and give thanks. Look forward and take courage."

Joy McDiarmid, Grade XI.



Initiation

"Oh, most honourable prefect! I, thy most humble servant, do bow down before thee in deep-

est reverence, saying: Allah, Allah''.

October 28th was set aside in the life of Balmoral for the initiating of new girls into this "worthy institution". New girls could be found everywhere, often on their knees before an old girl, exercising the dying art of shoe polishing. Equally numerous, so it seemed to the new girls, and seemingly everywhere, were these honourable, upright, worthy citizens, The Prefects. Down we would go on our bruised knees . . "Allah, Allah."

As the day wore away, so did our knees and shoe polish. The highlight, however, came at 8:00 p.m. when new girls assembled in the lower corridor in the required costumes for this occasion. Rabbits, gypsies, devils and the strangest characters with swash-buckling boots, long skirts and moustaches, fell into line. Thus arrayed we paraded before a critical, gloating audience of old girls assembled in the gymnasium and finally arrived in two long lines, and chanted these our carefully learned phrases:—

"Oh honourable prefects and venerable old girls; we, thy humble new girls do bow down before thee and crave admittance to this worthy institution." There followed a greeting from the Head Girl, Diane Smith, in which she welcomed

us to Balmoral Hall.

Top entertainment was enjoyed from that moment on amid much laughter and flashing of cameras.

Grade Seven acted familiar nursery rhymes. Cleverly presented by Grade Eight was a series of scenes in which they made us guess the titles of some well-known books An amusing skit followed with Grade Nine portraying Mr. Thorsen and a beginners' gymnastic class. Grade Ten excelled in a short but very entertaining melodrama — "The Lamp Went Out".

Highlighting the evening was an original comedy by the prefects "Who Stole The Ding-Dong?"

The theme was taken from Dragnet with the appropriate background music. The play was a take-off on the mysterious disappearance, at the beginning of the year, of the school's hand bell and one could recognize such familiar happenings as the climb to Miss Lucas' old office. The final round of applause was well deserved.

No party is complete without refreshments. Hot dogs, doughnuts and cold drinks were soon consumed before the evening concluded with a

sing-song.

"Oh, honourable prefect, we thy humble servants do bow down before thee in deepest reverence saying: Allah, Allah, be praised that initiation is over and that it comes but once in a new girl's life!"

P. Brodie, Grade X. I love to walk, alone, on a cool evening, gazing at the velvet-black sky, studded with occasional stars. The eerie feeling of awe creeps up my spine when I hear the soft soughing of the neighbouring trees.

What made that tree there, so grotesque and deformed? Why, in the night, does it look so like a huge monster?

What made me?

Why is it so dark, now?

The answers are in the moisture of the dewy grass, in the chirping of distant frogs, in the gloriously arrayed heavens around us! This realization of the presence and power of God is the greatest of adventures.

Anthea Dykes, Grade XI.

An Adventure

Adventure—please, what is adventure?

I am sure that as Hillary and his small party of men planted firmly a little flag in a mound of glaring snow, they felt exhilarated, triumphant. They had their reward for all the sacrifices and dangers through which they had passed. This small group had conquered the towering giant—man over nature—conquering the elements! . . . Is this adventure?

As an unknown lion hunter stealthily stalks through dense jungle growth, he must feel a growing tension, a tightening of all his muscles. This feeling, this experience—ah, we have touched on it finally, but wait, when at last the whining missile furrows into that fine, glossy forefront, then the thrill is even greater. He also has conquered . . . Is this adventure?

Calmly to sail or tumultuously to ride the waves, to feel the sharp sting of salty water, to taste the tang of brine on one's lips, to know the waters of the earth as a mother knows her child . . . Ah! thinks the sailor, surely this is adventure.

But I beg to be different. To me it is a great adventure to waken early, to gaze out of my frost-patterned pane and to see a glistening new world. The trees, overnight have become lacy with a fluffy haze and over there the stream, still running, shivers through its heaping banks. The sun sprinkles the snow with gold dust. All is serene.

To me it is a great adventure to find something new to like in a close friend, some little quality that lets itself be known only occasionally but is remembered frequently.

And, oh, the thrill of delving into the works of some literary mind! How small the world of a person unacquainted with Steinbeck, Leacock, Hemingway, Cronin and other fine authors.

The Lucky Charm

There was a very mysterious, broken-down hut sitting in the centre of the bayou which always was surrounded by a green mist. The village people said it was where a witch lived but most thought it was a legend. Gran'ma Jones, the town's oldest citizen, found a baby she adopted there. Now, the baby was a young lady with long, blond hair and blue eyes. She was named Lou Anne. Though Gran'ma denies it, she looked very much like Molly Peters, the woman who disappeared into the swamp many years ago.

Lou Anne loved to go paddling, by herself, through the bayou, so since this was a day too hot for working she took the dugout and headed towards the swamp's interior. Everyone in town was afraid to enter this part but it strangely attracted Lou, as if someone she knew dwelled there. As she skimmed over the water listening to the birds sing, she noticed the mist surrounding the hut had cleared, and to her surprise a woman was standing in front of it. She was in her early forties, a little on the plump side and had a kindly face. Despite her age, Lou noticed that her hair was very blond and her eyes truly blue. Just then, the woman noticed Lou and entered her hut before the young girl had an opportunity to speak.

When Lou got home, she was punished for going into the bayou instead of doing her work. Gran'ma often punished Lou Anne because, it seemed, she wanted a servant not a daughter.

Alone in her room, Lou had time to think but she continually caught herself staring at the lucky charm she found in the bayou. She jumped up! That doll had blond hair and blue eyes too. Why did it resemble her so much? Why did the witch she saw in the bayou today look so much like a normal person? There was only one way to find the answers to those questions: wait till dark and go to the marsh.

The canoe skimmed softly over the water as Lou paddled. The moon gave a cold hard light to the surroundings but a strange force urged her on. As she approached the hut, the moon slipped under a cloud plunging the scene into darkness. Lou Anne stepped out of the canoe, walked towards the house and pushed the door open. Creak! the hinges needed oiling. In the hut, there was a single candle burning which filled the room with an eerie light. The shelves on the walls were filled with dolls exactly like Lou's lucky charm. A door across the room opened and a startling voice said, "What are you doing here?"

"N-n-nothing," shuddered Lou. She could see the woman's face clearly now. It was a kind face with loving eyes. "I just came to see if you could

help me.''

"Help you? With what? Do you want a doll?"

the woman asked.

"No, I want some answers. You see, I came here this afternoon and saw you." Lou told the woman the story and as she did the woman's face lit up.

She chuckled to herself and then said, "Lou Anne, I am your mother. My name is Molly Peters. I abandoned you in the marsh when you were a year old hoping someone nice would find you, but I see Gran'ma Jones is cruel. The doll, I made as an image of you, when I saw you paddling through the bayou. You must keep that! It is the luckiest charm you could ever own! By bringing you to me it has shown that it will lead you through life."

"Where is my father?" asked Lou.

"He died many years ago, That's why I moved here," answered her mother.

"Mother, can't I stay here with you?" pleaded

"No, it's better the way it is but you must always remember the secret of the charm," she answered and then added briskly, "but now you must go. It will soon be dawn."

> Elizabeth Kilgour, Grade IX.

And the Clock Struck Twelve

Last night I woke up just as the first stroke of twelve echoed through the house. I sat up, dazed, but when all that remained of yesterday were memories I became aware of a low murmur. It seemed to come from my sister's room so I tiptoed down the hall. I paused at her door and looked in

It was as if she had never left on that fateful holiday. It seemed as if she would come dashing up the stairs in a minute or two, her hair flying and her eyes shining, begging me to run down and play a set of tennis with her. No, I reminded myself, Cindy was dead. Cindy would never again come gaily in, twenty minutes late for dinner, hurriedly apologize, and then tell us breathlessly of a hamburger fry or of a new record. She would never again come into my room early in the morning to tell wide-eyed me all about the dance or the party at Pat's.

The sight that greeted my eyes was a pleasant one. (It was a room which evidently belonged to a girl.) As I gazed, my eyes roaming over all the familiar objects, I became conscious of voices. They seemed to be arguing about something. I listened.

"If you think you were important to Cindy, then what do you think she thought of me? Just because she read you a little more often . . ." I glanced over to the bookcase to see two well-worn books fairly vibrating. The one on the left spoke:

"Maybe so, but if it comes to that neither one of us was really that important to her. She didn't take us with her on the trip." Here the voice grew sad and wistful. "Instead she took those new novels."

"She left us here in her shoe bag, but we don't mind," chorused two voices, very much alike. "Remember the time we sneaked out and slept on the terrace and it started to rain? Oh, we've had some wonderful times together, we have!" and the voices broke into gales of laughter. It was Cindy's old slippers, the ones Aunt Helene gave her the Christmas she was twelve.

"The last night she was home she broke my back," sobbed a loafer all doubled up in one corner. "We've had fun together too, but she threw me at her vanity, yelling something about how childish her room looked. I couldn't help it. Why did she take it out on me? That's all I'd like to know. And now I've started this I might as well finish it. I think maybe it is best that she died." I gasped but he continued. "She was running around with entirely the wrong kind of people and her parents would have been horrified if they had known."

No one moved for maybe a minute or so then a muffled voice came from under the bed. "I don't think you're being very fair and anyway, let's let bygones be bygones. Besides, you should talk about being unlucky. I've been under this bed for nearly a year now. I haven't seen daylight since the day she left." I got down on my knees, curious as to who had stood up for Cindy. It was the pink floppy dog she always kept on her bed.

"And me," cried a shrill unmusical voice, "I wish somebody would hurry up and use me. High priced perfume should be used, not just left here to evaporate."

"I still think it was mean of her not to take me," sniffed a haughty voice from the wardrobe. "After all, I was practically new."

"She didn't even take me," a tired-sounding voice added. "She wore me for years, but when she met that girl, she bought that shocking pink-coloured thing." This was from Cindy's quilted dressing-gown which was thrown carelessly over the pink chair in the corner. At first I wondered at the hint of contempt in the voice when it spoke of "that girl."

Then I remembered something that hurt somewhere away inside. I remembered that awful night when Cindy had brought one of her new friends to dinner. Sherrie had worn a low-cut black dress that was quite out of place in the homey, comfortable atmosphere of our home. The next day Cindy and Mother had gone on a shopping trip. Cindy came home with a maximum of new clothes plus a vaguely triumphant air, Mother seemed disappointed and frowned when Cindy began to chat enthusiastically about the new clothes she had bought. I remember hearing Mother and Dad talking together at night. I remembered how the tennis games and early morning confidences had suddenly stopped. I remembered certain little shows of wilfulness and temper that had upset our normally happy-family life. I remembered how that many of the little things which Cindy used to do had ceased. I remembered that outburst of the long forgotten loafer.

All of a sudden I realized that the floor was

cold and I shivered.

Shirley Donaldson, Grade VIII.

The Robber's Fancy

It was indeed a busy and wealthy clothing store. Daily came the rich and the poor—trying, fitting, arguing, mauling, some with a tranquil smile of a chore well-done and others reluctant to reach into their pockets. All was seen and reflected

by five stately mirrors.

Then one night when all was dark, there came a muffled clang followed by the click of a lock and in stepped a slouched figure carrying under his arm a black bag and in his hand a wrench. Cautiously he moved among the counters and racks until seeing the dark cash register he moved more quickly and carelessly stepped on an object which broke under his foot. Cursing himself he stopped to listen for any sounds. Then he heard it. At first it was a low murmur and then came a peal of laughter followed by more murmurs. With a beating heart and frightened eyes he listened and there in the dark he heard the most unusual of conversations.

"Snoopy, don't tell me you really laughed at that dumpy old woman," chided a motherly voice.

"Indeed I did!" retorted Snoopy, reflecting the motherly mirror such a glare that she was taken aback. "Indeed I laughed so hard my sides almost split and that made her figure even worse. It was like looking at a mirror in one of the circus sideshows. I know because I saw Smirk laugh!"

"You have, indeed, have you!" bellowed Smirk,

"I'll show you!"

"Now, now, really you mustn't argue like that. After all, the dumpy one did look like a scream. However, I have seen worse in my day." The speaker was a cracked wrinkly mirror wheezing with age and delivering a condensed lecture with the air of an orator. His aging woodwork showed signs of wanting varnish and the legs were likewise stiff with mirrorism. Now, exhausted with his speech, he sank back against the wall and viewed his young friends with wise glances.

"Tell me, Snoopy, what kind of dress did the dumpy one have on?" inquired a lean, mirror called Gossip. "If it was an extremely tasteless one I should like to tell my friend What about it."

"Ah, you old fiend," grinned Snoopy, "as though you didn't notice. It was orange with red stripes blending perfectly with her complexion. I guess that covers it.

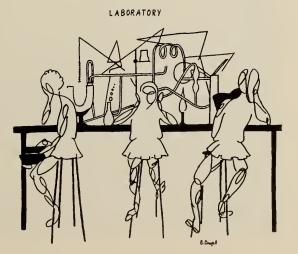
"So it does," retorted Gossip bending towards her half-deaf friend, What, and reciting the de-

scription like a parrot.

"This session has been long enough," chided the motherly voice, "I think we should retire, that is to bed."

With those words they obediently stiffened and became serene, leaving the would-be robber musing over his fancy.

Signe Salzberg, Grade VIII.





THE OPENING

The Formal Opening

Words do not really convey the significance of a moment such as an opening ceremony any more than does a picture but for the sake of history this great moment should be recorded.

December 20th, 1955 and the School, the whole school is alive with excitement. Examinations are just over, classrooms have been specially tidied, and fitting decorations suggest the Christmas season. The new building is very new today—it is spotless—it shines. Clusters of holly brighten the notice boards, add colour to the green plants at the entrance, and can be found in the oddest place. Scissors, gold scissors with holly attached are ready for the moment when the ribbon will be cut.

2:30 o'clock and into the darkened hall with only the lights from the Christmas trees to give atmosphere, process the students singing The First Nowell. Very real is the Christmas story as it is read, and acted, accompanied by the choir and school. Very real is the spirit of Christmas as the curtain closed on the final tableau.

3:30 o'clock and very real is the spirit of Thanksgiving as the students join in the School Prayer. As a conclusion to the Christmas Service and as a part of the opening ceremony Archbishop Barfoot offered a prayer of dedication and the Benediction. Then following the choir, His Grace and Dr. Lockhart lead the many distinguished guests to the new building where Dr. Lockhart cut the ribbon and declared the building officially opened.

Words are not adequate but this was indeed a very great and memorable moment.

Do You Remember?

As a result of our new building not being completed when we returned to School in September, we took classes in temporary rooms for two months. Grade Seven, Eight, and Twelve remained in the junior school, while Grades Nine, Ten and Eleven went to the Red House. It was the latter who shivered between houses, and who found much distraction in their temporary quarters.

Grade Nine and Miss McLean were poured into the abandoned Grade Two and Three Room where the cubic feet of air per pupil was at a low level and the area of the room simply meant that all were at each others' elbows. Mrs. Vaughan took over Grade Ten in the former Home Economics Room. It was larger but such enticing objects as mirror, piano, and refrigerator served as pleasant non-academic decor.

Grade Eleven established itself in the subterranean Science Laboratory, and occasionally were distracted from surrounding biology specimens to peer towards the teacher at the front of the room.

"What's she talking about?"

"I don't know, I can't even see her," — were typical student conversations.

For a study period, one either picked up one's bug-ridden books and migrated to the back by the goldfish, or sat in the trunk-room to do homework, happily dangling feet in a laundry basket. At one time, Grade Eleven was menaced by a bulldozer which threatened to join us for an English class.

However Friday, November 11th was declared Moving Day. Piece by piece and desk by desk we moved to our new quarters and then we helped to move the Lab. Miss Sharman's prize boulders were soon removed, more care was given the skulls, and bones, and still more for the livestock. Then it was a bottle brigade — cartons and cartons of bottles. This was followed by "Handle With Care" Acids whose carriers made a solemn procession but arrived intact. At the end of that day the room little resembled our clean and well-arranged Laboratory.

Actually it was not long before everything was in order, and we satisfied our curiosity with an inspection of all our shining new rooms.

> B. Dougall, Grade XI.

New Art Studio

Never before has Balmoral Hall had an Art Studio — a room specially and entirely for art, crafts and weaving. Before I tell you about this new studio listen to our Art efforts while in temporary quarters. Supplies were kept in the laundry room in cupboard — drawings were piled on top. There just wasn't any other place because all space was used for classes. We took turns carrying the supply box back and forth and between classes, we had no access to our unfinished paintings and drawings.

But now — we have a Studio. We have a place for all our equipment. Our drawings are there — some of them hang for all to see—we learn from others what to do and what not to do. When inspired to work and we have free time we go to the studio. Our unfinished effort calls, and everything is at our fingertip. It is not a large room and we badly need a sink in it but for those of us who like to draw it makes our new school complete for the Artist.

An Art Student



THE ART STUDIO

In the Library

In the library on Thirty-second Avenue, an old man was sitting at one of the tables reading.

"What are you about?" the old man heard a dull voice ask. He looked around and saw no one.

"I am about a jewel robbery," said an excited voice.

The old man looked at a shelf where the librarian had just placed a new book called "The Vanishing Rubies." Could the books possibly be talking to each other? He began to listen more closely.

"I hope you are exciting," said the first voice. "I am not. I am called 'The Stolen Chair', and I have been sitting on this shelf for over a year without anyone reading me. This morning I heard them talking about throwing me out!"

"I don't know why people bother with you mystery stories. I think that stories like mine are nicer," laughed a gay voice, "My name is 'Heidi', and all children like my pleasant tale."

"That's all very well for children, but I am a much more useful book," said a scholarly voice. "Everyone should read me. I am about English history from the reign of Alfred the Great to that of Queen Victoria."

"I don't see why people should waste their time reading you," giggled another voice. "My name is 'Parlour Games for Young and Old', and many people have enjoyed reading me and following my advice."

"If you want enjoyment," remarked a cheerful voice, "you should read me. My name is 'Ten Sixty-six and All That.' I am also a history book, but I make everyone who reads me laugh."

"Practically everyone who reads me cries. I have such a sad tale to tell about a horse named 'Black Beauty'," said an unhappy voice that came from a shiny black-covered book.

"Alas! Mine is also a sad tale," whispered a romantic voice from a leather-bound copy of "Romeo and Juliet." "What could be sadder than to have both the lovers die at the end of the story!"

"Still, we sad stories are very popular," said "Black Beauty." "Your cover is nearly falling off, 'Romeo and Juliet."

"What makes you think you are so popular, 'Black Beauty'?" asked a young girl's voice with an English accent from a book called "Alice in Wonderland." "Your cover is very new and shiny."

"Only a week ago my cover was in just as poor shape as yours is, Alice," answered "Black Beauty," "but I have just come from the bookbinders. Because your cover is so worn you will probably be sent to the repair shop soon."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Alice. "I was beginning to wonder what the children would do if I became too worn out to use."

"Stop it this minute!" shouted an angry voice above the sound of a cat and dog fight.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the new

book, "The Vanishing Rubies."
"I guess my name will tell you," answered the angry voice. "It is 'Thirteen Black Cats Are Un-

lucky, Especially if you have a Dog'."
"Mr. Jenkins, you have been sitting there for nearly an hour. Would you like me to help you find you a book? Perhaps you would like to read, 'The Stolen Chair'."

Mr. Jenkins looked up and saw the librarian standing beside him, "No, thank you!" he answered hurriedly. "I believe I'd rather read 'The Vanishing Rubies'."

Margaret Buchanan, Grade VIII.

Ode to the Home—Eccers

The Home Economics Students
To the Latineers did say,
'It would indeed be an honour
To feed you lunch Tuesday.'
They assured us with alacrity,
'We promise you won't die'
We ate the lunch and to the girls—
This is our reply—

'If what you baked for us today Is what you always cook, We Latineers sincerely wish It were Home Ec. we took, The celery soup was delicious The Waldorf—really good— Those egg-nogs tasted wonderful, The meringues—just like they should. 'Birds' to Latin endings— And conjugated verbs-We would really like to know How to cook with herbs. And so we all to you do say For what you did for us today, 'We salute you salutamus Thank you gratias agimus.'

> Judy Bonnycastle, Grade X.

Snow

Oh my goodness what deep snow! How to get through I just don't know. But spring is coming this I know And before too long the bulbs will show.

> Suzanne Riley, Grade VII.

The Conversation in the Shoe Bag

In Mary Jane's bedroom hung a pretty blue shoe bag. There were many pairs of shoes inside it which were either her sister's or her own. One day as Mary Jane was about to enter her room, she heard low voices coming from within. She paused, put her ear to the keyhole, and listened.

"My, I am absolutely exhausted!" said a rather old pair of saddle shoes. "All morning I was walked through the village by some human. People certainly do not have any consideration for

"I can understand your point of view," said a brand new pair of party slippers, "but I am feeling blue because I haven't been worn once, and all I do is sit here day after day alone while the rest of you are being worn and praised by other people. It's a sad life I lead but maybe I'll get my chance some day."

"My life is a happy one," chimed in the bedroom slippers. "I am treated very nicely and I lead a comfortable life. One night the girl who uses me had some friends here to stay over night with her. I met many new friends. I would not

trade places with any of you."

"Yes, I agree," replied a pretty pair of flat slippers. "You must lead a comfortable life but I believe I have much more fun and excitement. I have visited some very interesting places and also I have been in some embarrassing situations. One day I had to get up in front of a huge group while some person gave a lecture on a subject of which I knew nothing. It can be very embarrassing in front of strangers.'

"Some of your stories are sad, others are not," said a pair of loafing shoes, "but I cannot understand why all of you worry about such little things. I just take life easy and do whatever comes my way. It is much easier to just loaf than to worry about things all the time, as some of the rest of

you do.'

"You might think you lead a very relaxed life," said a fancy pair of pumps, "but I prefer to get out into the world and learn something. I have visited many places. One particular place I visited the people talked so differently that I couldn't even understand them."

"Silly, you were probably in China Town," the

bedroom slippers said in a saucy voice.

Just at this point Mary Jane's sister came storming into the house and started arguing with Mary Jane. The bedroom door opened but before Mary Jane could quiet her sister the shoes had stopped talking. To this day she is not sure who had been talking in the bedroom.

> Jari-Lynn Cernohlavek, Grade VIII.

Summer

Summer is a dear young girl Who, tripping through the daisies Watches as the buds unfurl And wonders at their beauty. She walks alone at still of morn And sings with all the birds, Creates anew small drops of dew And crowns a lowly thorn. This carefree child is the youth of life Who wonders and questions all. Yet there's no trouble or pain or strife, To furrow the smooth young brow— Would years could pass for the gentle lass Like the carefree summertime!

Lyn Stephen, Grade XI.

Canada

Vincent Massey once said that all Canadians should be able to say: "I believe in Canada with pride in her past, belief in her present, and faith in her future." What is Canada, that we believe

in her, and have faith and pride in her?

Canada is the lifeblood of ancient pioneers pouring into great-grand children a heritage in rusty phrases . . . hot-headed young men urging rebellion in tense meetings to change history . . . a lone airplane dropping supplies to an isolated habitant . . . long shafts of light that turn and swing around gloomy prehistoric forest trunks . . . warmth stealing into frostbitten hands over a potbellied stove . . . a knot of men repairing boats at a tundra outpost . . . the Union Jack waving

over a memorial plaque . . .

The noise of small musclemen playing cowboys and Indians with spaceguns . . . a wild hockey game with a cold, enthusiastic crowd . . . immigrants struggling with "th" and "w" . . . resplendent Mounties posing for tourists in the brilliant mountain country . . . pastel stucco houses with family washings flapping in the back-yards ... a dominant thunderbird on a Vancouver totem pole gazing moodily out to sea . . . awestruck Eskimos lining a tiny northern hospital for vaccinations . . . open cars gracing the lakeshores of Erie and Ontario . . .

Ocean liners on the Great Lakes, dwarfing the waterfronts . . . a grubby-faced child and a whitehaired gentleman looking at a museum buffalo with equal sadness . . . boom towns springing up in Quebec iron ore country . . . the air of freedom about a bareheaded, contented man standing in a sunlit church . . . cheerful coffee break for hopeful diplomats . . .

So many little things go together to make a life a Canadian loves. Each generation instills in the next, the pride, faith, and strength in their

nation which marks a Canadian.

Brenda Dougall, Grade XI.



The fairy queen was lost! Gone with the snow and the sunset, all the fairies said. The wisest man in fairyland could not even think himself why Titania had left or rather disappeared on the day before her birthday. Maugli himself, Titania's husband, was desperately working up a brew that was supposed to bring any fairy back, from wherever they had disappeared to, in at least seven days.

Soon he had finished and the whole castle was aglow with happy little fairies who expected to see their queen in at least seven days.

The king was talking to the wiseman and the wiseman was talking to the fairy grown-ups and the fairy grown-ups were talking to the fairy children who sat on the floor of the fairy houses telling their fairy dolls and their fairy dolls, thank goodness, remained quiet.

The wise man decided that each clan of fairies should spend one day looking for the fairy queen in case the fairy brew did not work. The first day was given to the Spring fairies who consisted of Rain Fairies, Dew Fairies and Bird Fairies. The second day was for the Summer Fairies; of Flower

Fairies, Fruit Fairies and Tree Fairies. The third day for the Autumn Fairies; or Leaf Fairies, Grass Fairies and Dust Fairies. Then the fourth day was given to the Winter Fairies who were Snow Fairies, Frost Fairies and Ice Fairies. The last three days were left for just a general search.

The days were all well spent and the whole of fairyland was searched but no Queen Titania was found.

On the seventh day at sunset there was a loud bang and suddenly everything was very dark and still. Then it was light again and everybody seemed to be normal, all the fairy workers were out in their fields, mothers were at home with babies, and back in the palace the queen was having her favourite lunch: chicken a la king with peas and carrots and vanilla ice-cream with marshmallow and chocolate sauce!

To this day no one knows, not one fairy, how the funny brew worked. But one thing they do know is that seven is their lucky number!

> Nora Baker, Grade V.

TRAVEL AND EDUCATION AS SEEN BY GRADE IV-

The Editor regrets that there was too little space for all your carefully written articles but we acknowledge the following:

Eskimo Friends by Lily Jewel Swaffield Tour of Scotland by Margaret Chant A Visit to France by Dell Wilson A Trip to the Laurentians by Kathleen Curry My Trip to Cuba by Judy Rothwell

Susan in India

When I was in India I lived in a large town called Madras. I went to St. Ursula's Convent School. I left home early in the morning and we had Prayers in the open air. They call grades standards and I was in the fourth standard. After saying "Good-morning" to our teacher we started our lessons in reading, spelling, arithmetic and nature-study. This is what we had on a Tuesday. Other days were different. In the afternoon our lessons were English and Art. School stopped at three-thirty o'clock. We had no fans in the school and it was sometimes very hot. I had to change my clothes very often. When it was too hot the school was closed.

In April everything ripens. The coconuts ripen, bougainvillea are in flower and these are in beautiful shades of reds and pinks. The Neem trees are in flower. A Neem tree has small very green leaves and little yellow flowers. The natives of Madras clean their teeth with Neem twigs. They take off the outside bark and rub their teeth with the stick and this makes them very white.

When an Indian gets married he asks everyone he knows to the reception. This is often hundreds of people. Sara and I often went. We loved to watch the dancing displays which are given at many receptions. Receptions are usually held in big tents. The entrance is always decorated with a whole banana tree cut off at the roots, also coconuts and other fruits. This is a sign of good-will.

When the guests leave they are usually given a coconut and paan. This is a green leaf that Indians like to eat. Weddings cost a great deal of money.

In India most people go by rickshaw or bicycle. Some people think it is faster to go by a bicycle-rickshaw. A bicycle-rickshaw is a chair pulled by a bicycle. Every week the bread-man comes to our house and lets us ride in his bicycle-rickshaw. We ride round our driveway six times

each. Sometimes these coolies who do the hard work do not usually wear shoes but when the roads are very hot they cover their feet with a piece of sacking.

These are some of the interesting things I remember about my home in India.

Susan Stewart-Smith, Grade IV.

Rose Hall in Jamaica

I visited Rose Hall when I was in Jamaica. Rose hall is the ruin of a Great House two hundred and fifty years old. Once it was one of the most beautiful mansions in Jamaica. It was built on a hill overlooking the Carribbean Sea. It had beautiful gardens. A very lovely and good woman lived there and she was kind to everybody. Her name was Rosa Palmer and the house was named after her. After she died her husband married again.

The second Mrs. Palmer was beautiful but cruel. She beat her slaves nearly every night. There used to be many wonderful parties given there but there weren't any more because she was so mean. They think she murdered each of her four husbands. One night her maid tried to kill her by putting poison in her hot milk before she went to bed. Somehow Mrs. Palmer found out and had the woman hung. Then she made them cut off her head and Mrs. Palmer herself hung it on a stake in the garden as a warning. In the end the cruel woman was poisoned but the poisoner went unpunished. Everyone made the slaves bury her because she was so evil. The natives believe that her ghost stands beckoning you into Rose Hall every night.

> Jane Moody, Grade IV.

Spring

Down by the sea where the seagulls fly, Down by the water clear and blue, Down by the beach and up on the hills Spring is here, it's oh, so true. Up in the tree the big owl hoots, Up in the tree the birds now sing, Up in the tree the nests are built; Throughout the forest it is Spring.

Karen Zoltok, Grade VI.



THE KINDERGARTEN

The Golden Slippers

On Patsy's birthday she awoke with high spirits, but those spirits were somewhat dampened when she realized she would have to go to school. It was not that she didn't do well in class, but just that the rest of the grade eight class didn't understand her love for dancing. She couldn't understand why the boys made fun of her by tripping across the room with fairy-like movements which of course made everyone laugh. That was why she dreaded school.

She would spend hours studying the new steps so her teacher would be proud at the next lesson. Till two weeks ago her teacher hadn't said anything except that Patsy was a good dancer. However, last week she told Patsy she would dance the solo in their production of "Sleeping Beauty" because the other girl had sprained her ankle. Patsy was the happiest girl in the world because she would dance on the stage for the first time on her fifteenth birthday and the performance was to be on television.

She had been given the most beautiful pair of golden ballet slippers to wear that night by her mother and father. While waiting to go on stage Patsy became so nervous she could hardly stand still. At last she heard the music and she danced out as if on a cloud. She danced so well she even surprised herself and wondered if the golden slippers had some magic control over her feet.

The next morning when she walked in to the classroom everyone crowded around her and congratulated her on her performance which many had seen on television. They asked her to come to the big Weiner Roast being held that night. Patsy at first didn't accept for she felt they were not really her friends but just wanted to be friends of "the big TV star." Somehow, though, school didn't seem as bad as before and she even went to the Weiner roast.

Always Patsy felt that those golden ballet slippers had done so much for her, had made her happy and successful and made her classmates friendly.

> Monica Dowse, Grade VI.

Dishes

Dishes are things that most people detest, And indeed they can be the most awful pest. You wash them and rinse them, and dry them with care,

But really, and truly they "get in your hair!" Whoever invented them really was silly, Ungrateful! Unthoughtful! Truly and really. And so inconsiderate I would think To make one waste time with one's hands in a sink.

Carole Bobrowski, Grade VII.

SOME DOGS BY GRADE I

I have a little puppy He's only three months old His name is little Taffy He does what he is told.

Carol Emerson.

Snuffer is my doggy's name I was so happy when he came. But now my dog has gone away So I miss him every day.

Nancy Nelson.

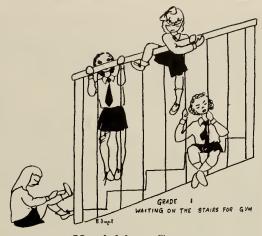
I have a little puppy He plays with me all day. But when it is near bed-time My dog still wants to play.

Dianne Craib.

The Trees

When the trees sway, I hear them say Hush a bye, Hush a bye Hush a bye day.

Carol Lount, Grade V.



Vanishing Geese

There once was a man from Greece Who stole a large flock of geese, A white and a black Both loudly said "quack" And he soon got caught by the police.

Joan Sellers, Grade IV.

Schoolgirl Mary

There once was a school girl named Mary. The teachers all called her contrary, She was thrown in a tank, Then given a spank, But promptly turned into a fairy.

Lily Swaffield, Grade IV.





GRADES II AND III

Janie's Birthday Present

It is summer and Janie's birthday is today. Today is June 6th. Janie mostly forgets when her birthday is but this year she didn't forget. When she got home from School she went to her room and when she got to her room she saw a whole family of cats. It was a lovely birthday present.

Patricia Pennock, Grade II.

A Squirrel

I know a little squirrel. He likes to eat nuts. He is brown and he has a bushy tail. He has his house in a tree. He is a cute little squirrel. He has a mother. His mother takes very good care of him. She goes to get food for him while his father looks after him.

Nancy Sym, Grade II.

My Home

I like my home because it's always waiting for me, I like my home because everybody in my home is nice. I like my home because it's always got a fire in the fireplace when I come home.

> Gail Tucker, Grade II.

An Ant's Adventure

I'm an ant! I have had many adventures but never one as exciting as the one I'm going to tell you. I was living in a backyard with my brother. We faced one danger. It was a boy who collected ants!! One morning as we are going to the blossom tree he came. He saw my brother and caught him. I knew I had to do something. I went as fast as I could go. I caught on to the boy's pants. I climbed up his pant leg and signalled to my brother that I would get him out somehow. The boy went to his room and put the ants in a glass cage. After that he went to lunch carrying the glass cage. After I crawled down the boy's sleeve to the table, I had to cross a big bowl to get to my brother. As I started to cross the bowl I lost my balance and fell into the bowl which was filled with soup. The boy drew me out and he put me in the cage. After he finished his lunch he put the glass cage in the garden and left it. I saw my friend Buzzy Bee. I shouted through the air holes to him and he understood. He went to the lock and pushed it out of the hole and we were free! My brother and I thanked Buzzy and made for home, and safety.

Sandra Funnell, Grade IV.

Fuzzy-Brown Bear

There once was a fuzzy-brown bear Who went to a small country fair He caused such a muddle And no end of trouble So soon he was the only one there.

Margot Brown, Grade IV.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

16th Brownie Pack

The Brownie meeting began last September with Brown Owl, Mrs. Nelson Colville, Louise's mother, and Tawny Owl, Mrs. H. Zoltok, Karen's mother. We have 26 Brownies, who are divided into 5 Sixes or groups. The leaders of each Six are called Sixers and they are Marion Bjorklund, Dilys White, Lynn Folliott, Anita Urquhart and Karen Zoltok.

In January our Brown Owl had to go away and Tawny Owl was left in full charge. Two of our Brownie mothers, Mrs. C. Urquhart and Mrs. R. Chant came to help us.

In February we had a lot of fun on our Tallyho. We had lots of thrills jumping in the deep snow and then we went back to Guide House for hot dogs, ice cream and soft drinks.

Brownies is not all play, however, as we collected toys and clothing at Christmas for the needy children. New Brownies try to pass their skipping, ball throw and their darning so they can receive their Golden Bar. Then they try for their Golden Hand. When they receive their Golden Hand, they are first class Brownies and are now ready to work for Proficiency Badges. Some of these Badges are Skaters, Swimmers, Toymakers and Athletes. These Badges are fun to work for,

Last month we sold lots of Guide Cookies and during the year, we have tried always to carry out our motto and "LEND A HAND".

Marion, Dilys, Lynn, Anita and Karen.

16th Guide Company

The Balmoral Hall Guide Company has had a very successful year under the able leadership of our Captain, Mrs. G. H. Sellers.

The Guides worked very hard all year at their test work and as a result a great many second class and proficiency badges were earned. As part of the work for their Hostess badges, four second class Guides entertained at a Guide and Brownie Christmas party on December 13th. St. John's Ambulance First Aid classes in which the whole company took part, provided the instruction for the First Aid badge.

The 16th Company was represented at the Thinking Day Service at the Auditorium and at a Division Patrol Leaders' Conference. On April 29th the Company had a church parade at St. Luke's Church. Although it is an annual event for most church companies, a church parade was new to the Balmoral Hall Company.

This year we entered the competition for the Bessborough Shield and we are placing great hopes

on our entry of baby garments.

We want to express our thanks to Mrs. Sellers, our Captain, for her enthusiastic "uplift" to our Company and to the mothers who have so generously given up their time to help us. On with guiding!

Diane Grindley.



Dramatics

On Friday, April 20th, the Junior High School Dramatics Group presented "The Emperor's New Clothes" to an appreciative, and highly amused audience of parents and friends in the school gymnasium.

This production—a comedy—definitely ran in the lighter vein. Leading players Eva Pokoly, Alix Palk, Carol Anne Fields, and Kathleen Armytage entered wholeheartedly into the zestful spirit of the play, and the entire cast gave an admirable performance. Eva is to be especially commended, as she took over a major part in the play at very short notice, and did an exceptionally fine job.

The story involved was, of course, the familiar one of the innocent Emperor whose great weakness was his love for clothes. He employs two weavers, who promise to outfit him in a very special set of robes. No one unworthy of his position will be able to see these beautiful robes. Needless to say the outcome of the whole situation is very humorous indeed. The humour and frivolity of the play was (if one can judge by the laughter) very effectively conveyed to the audience by the actresses and it was a truly enjoyable evening.

Congratulations are in order also to the stage manager and her "hands". Despite their many despairing grievances beforehand everything ran flawlessly. And so we thank you, dramatists, for another star performance.

The Emperor's New Clothes

By Charlotte Chorpenning

Zar	Alix Palk
Zan	Alix Palk Eva Pokoly
Gong Boy	Margaret Fisher
Han	Carol Anne Fields
The royal Weavers—	
•	Lynn Funnell
Mong	Wendy Bracken
Ling	Judy Adams Heather Miller
Fah	Heather Miller
Old Woman	Elizabeth Kilgour
The Emperor	Kathleen Armytage
The Empress	Shirley Donaldson
General	Catherine Kipp
CitizensCydney	Burrell, Ann Connacher,
Judith	Munro, Caroline Shepard
A Child	Sandra Funnell
	E. Kilgour
Costumes, properties and	
helpful helpersJ. I	Bonnycastle, M. Gillespie,
	C. Trimble, N. White
Make Up	R. Burrell

Skating

Skating is a winter sport
Enjoyed by boys and girls,
You glide along with carefree heart
With leaps and fancy twirls.
You put on your skates,
Step on to the ice,
The feeling you get
Is really quite nice.
If you've never tried skating
You should, and quite soon.
It's lovely to skate
By the light of the moon.

Brenda Howat, Grade VIII.

Ballet and I at Balmoral

Ballet and I began our somewhat unpredictable career four years ago at Balmoral, and have come through with much scepticism and many misgivings. The irritating truth of the matter is that I must also attend school. In grade eight I was the youngest member of my five Senior cohorts, who studied at the Canadian School of Ballet, and I considered it quite an honour to eat a late supper in the dining-room. We danced "Les Sylphides" that year at the Playhouse, after we had worked for months in the gym, perfecting bourées and petits battements. Although it was my first appearance on a real stage, I considered myself, an old hand at grease paint. The next year I graduated to braids, grade nine, and more pointe work. Grade ten came after the fire destroyed the Royal Winnipeg Ballet and Canadian School of Ballet studio. This was a hard year in temporary halls but always dancing. Each year at School we had a ballet presentation in the Gymnastics and Dancing Demonstration. Each year it was exciting. Many of my friends since then have come and gone in the process of broadening their horizons and next year I move on but with many memories of missing tights, lost shoes, diets, discouragement and hard work.

My most laborious but satisfying experience has been the intensive training under Miss Potts for the Elementary and Intermediate Royal Academy of Dancing examinations this past March; and I assure you I would not be in such a happy frame of mind now, if we had not all passed with flying colours.

B. Dougall, Grade XI.

Dancing Examination Results

In addition to five weekly classes taught at the School a group has been attending special classes at The Canadian School of Ballet. The following are the results of those who tried the Royal Academy of Dancing examinations:

Grade V — Honours — Margaret Fisher
Elementary—Commended — Brenda Dougall
Pass Plus — Phyllis Brodie
Jari Lynn Cernohlavek
Pass — Tasma Butler
Intermediate—Pass Plus — Brenda Dougall

Behind the Star

When you go to the ballet and see her, The star of all the stars; What you see is the realization Of a girl who did work at the barres. For a star it means working and working, Tirelessly every day; And no cake, dessert or refreshments It's a long and difficult way.

> Margaret Fisher Grade VII.



BRENDA



FINALE



BALLATER HOUSE

FOURTH ROW—Gayle McLean (Head of House), J. Ross, S. Claydon, J. Gallie, S. Donaldson, L. Wiley, S. Ans, J. Fitton, J. Mathewson, A. Laird, G. McLaughlin, R. Brown, G. Allman.
THIRD ROW—S. Salzberg, E. Kilgour, M. L. McKenty, S. Hamilton, L. Manchester, M. Ford, H. Smith, J. L. Cernohlavek.
SECOND ROW—D. Mathewson, J. Thorkelsson, L. Leach, M. Buchanan, A. Sellers, B. Gillespie, M. Fisher, L. Colville.
FRONT ROW—J. Rothwell, M. Chant, J. Sutherland, K. Zoltok, A. McLean, J. Moody, J. Sellers. ABSENT—A. Peterson, M. Gillespie, S. Kelsey.

Ballater House The House on the Sloping Hill

Dear Ballater,

As another school year draws to a close, I would like to thank you for the unforgettable year we have had together. As your Head I am proud of you—members of Ballater—with your constant loyalty, support, and strong house spirit. You have made valuable contributions both academically and athletically to our school during 1955-1956.

On Sports Day, although we did not win the cup, you displayed very keen interest. I would like to commend Susan Hamilton who won the midget sports cup and Gale McLaughlin who was runner-up in the senior sports. In October, our volleyball teams played a thrilling series of house games — I guess those early morning practices were profitable! At the end of the Christmas term, you received a well-earned first in work and in conduct.

At the beginning of the Easter term, our basket-

ball teams played very well to share a second place tie. In the broomball competition, we were not very skilful, but it proved to be a hilarious event. During "Posture and Uniform Week," many of us succeeded in "staying off the list."

This term we have the Swimming Meet, base-ball games, and the ping-pong tournament to keep us busy. However, I am confident that here too,

you will do your best.

Jane Mathewson, our helpful Sports' Captain, Audrey Peturson, our Secretary, and Joy Fitton, our Uniform Monitress, have made valuable contributions to Ballater and thanks is also due to our Staff Members, Miss Foster, Miss McLean, Mrs. Coulter, Mrs. Little and Mrs. Bancroft, who have always stood behind us.

To all of you who wear the green pin, Junior or Senior, I say keep up your Ballater Spirit, and

''thank you.'ⁱ

Love, Gayle McLean, Head of Ballater.

Braemar Notes

Dear Braemar,

As this school year draws to a close, I feel sure that it has been a successful one for our House. At the beginning of the year, we welcomed a number of fine new members to Braemar and I am sure that they have felt throughout the year the keen House spirit and sportsmanship which has bound us more closely to our school.

In the fall term we won top honours on Sports Day. Both seniors and juniors participated in all events and excellent results were achieved. The volleyball team placed second in the inter-house competition. During the winter term, displaying skill and sportmanship, we placed second in the basketball competition. We were well represented in the gymnastic competition and by placing first I was pleased to bring honours to our House together with Beryl Hoare who came third. Everyone who participated in the broomball will no doubt recall the hilarious fun we had. This term we are looking forward to the Swimming Meet, softball, the finals of the ping-pong tournament, as well as our share in the Library Tea.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank the Staff Members, Mrs. McEwen, Miss Klimack, Miss McMillan, Mrs. Dennis and Mrs. Miller for their helpful advice and encouragement. My thanks to Beryl Hoare, games captain, for your invaluable help, to Carol Cross, House Secretary, to Marilyn Stephenson, uniform monitress, and to our prefects, Carol Cross and Jacquie Hoare. We are proud, Jacquie, to have had the School Sports Captain in our House this year.

And now to you, Braemar, I say "thank you" for the privilege of being your House Head this year and the experience I have gained. I am extremely proud of our House. You have supported me loyally from Grade four to Grade twelve. You have contributed either through your sports ability, good posture, good behaviour or academic ability to keep our House as we would have it.

My best wishes to next year's House Head. You have a wonderful group of girls to support you.

To all who wear a blue pin, good-bye, good luck, and God Bless You.

Love, Joy McDiarmid, Head of Braemar.



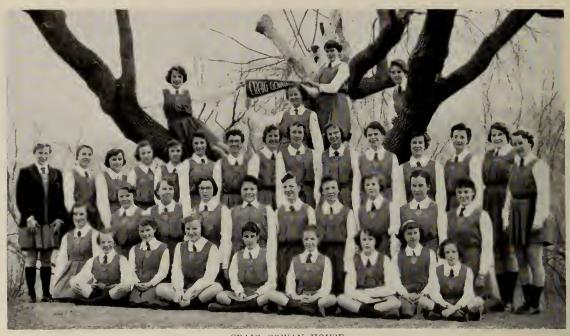
BRAEMAR HOUSE

FOURTH ROW-K. Fahlman, C. Cross, G. McCulloch, B. A. McFarland, P. Moss, P. Craig, D. Orris, J. Hoare, A. Wheateroft.

THIRD ROW—B. Hoare, M. Stephenson, Deidre White, A. Connacher, L. Musgrove, S. Davis, J. Evans, T. Butler, C. Glesby, Joy McDiarmid (Head of House), R. Bass, N. A. Eaton, W. McPherson, F. Wilson.

FRONT ROW-D. Cruse, D. McNaughton, B. Payne, N. Baker, L. Folliott, C. Lount, E. Clough, N. Russell.

ABSENT-L. Heuchert, J. Arnold.



CRAIG GOWAN HOUSE

IN THE TREE-L. Funnell, W. Bracken, K. Armytage, S. Riley.

THIRD ROW—Daphne Smith, (Head of House), Diane Smith, E. Pokoly, J. Stevenson, J. Blight, N. Genser, L. Stephen, J. Bonnycastle, D. Lowery, A. Dykes, B. McRae, D. Grindley, P. Smith, C. McNeill, J. Rose.

SECOND ROW—B. Le Beau, C. Trimble, C. Sterling, B. Sidgwick, L. Capling, D. Elwood, G. Jacobson, S. Peers, C. A. Fields, J. Hamilton.

FRONT ROW-L. J. Swaffield, S. Funnell, M. Dowse, B. Genser, J. McLean, J. Stewart, M. Bjorklund, S. Huggard.
ABSENT-L. Band, A. Palk, M. Chant, C. Kelsey.

Craig Gowan House

Dear Craig Gowans,

For your success and your many achievements this year, I congratulate you and for your loyalty and support I give you my thanks. It did not take our new girls long to acquire the famous Craig Gowan spirit.

So far, Craig Gowans, you have shone in the field of sports. Full of enthusiasm, we placed a close second in Field Day events. Congratulations to Susan Peers — runner-up for the juniors. Craig Gowan's famous spirit was proved when we found we had the greatest number of entry points.

In volley ball we fought hard to win the tournament — and the cup. Craig Gowans, however, you did not stop there, but went on to win the basketball cup. Senior and Junior teams both played hard, the second team, under captain Jennifer Rose, winning all three of their games. I should also like to thank all who attended practices so faithfully.

Ping-pong is not yet finished but I was proud to see that again we had the most entry points which proves to me your enthusiasm. Although there were no winners in broomball, it was fun for all. Our senior and junior speedskaters placed us once again at the top. Congratulations, skaters! This term we are looking forward to fun in badminton, baseball, and swimming.

In other ways, we have been fairly successful, placing second in work at Christmas. With our new school came Uniform and Posture week, when we all tried very hard to be tidy and to sit up straight. And now we wear yellow house pins, of which we are very proud.

My special thanks go to the staff members, Mrs. Vaughan, Mrs. Byrne, Miss Lucas, Mrs. Monkman, and Mrs. Lamont for their constant support. Thank you also, Jennifer, our capable sports captain, Diane, our secretary, Betty, our uniform monitress, and everyone of you, from grade four to grade twelve, who has made this year such a wonderful one for our House and for me as your Head. Being your Head has been an honour and a privilege which I shall never forget. Best wishes to all of you and to next year's Head, who will surely feel your keen enthusiasm and loyalty.

Goodbye, and good luck to you—Craig Gowan.

Love, Daphne, Head of Craig Gowan.

Glen Gairn

Dear Glen Gairns,

This is my last year at Balmoral Hall, and I have only the happiest memories of my school life here, particularly of this past year, when I was honoured by being elected Head of your House. As I walk through the School doors for the last time, I shall not fail to recall the wonderful support I have received from every one of you—from the smallest girl in grade four, to the tallest girl in grade twelve.

At our annual Sports Day in October, Glen Gairn was well supported by all its House members. Congratulations to Judy Lewthwaite and Carol Armstrong for their success in the day's events. Hats off to our Volleyball and Basketball teams! We are very proud of you. Although we did not win the cups, it cannot be said that Glen Gairn was lacking in House enthusiasm. I am proud of you all.

Something new was tried during the Christmas term this year, when the entire House turned out enthusiastically to participate in Broomball.

Congratulations to Diane Philips and Carol Armstrong for your achievements in the House skating races.

I know that this term, Glen Gairn, you will loyally support your House in the Swimming races, Soft-ball and in the Ping-pong.

To Mrs. Price, Mrs. Stovel, Mrs. Burridge, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Elliot, my thanks for your helpful advice and enthusiasm in upholding the spirit of Glen Gairn House.

Before I say good-bye, I should like to express a special "thank-you" to Judy Lewthwaite our Sports Captain, to Brenda Dougall, our secretary, and to Alyson Thomas, our uniform monitress for your splendid help during the entire year.

Good luck Glen Gairn, in your work and play next year.

My love to you all,

Dianne McPhail, Head of Glen Gairn.



GLEN GAIRN HOUSE

FOURTH ROW-B. Dougall, G. Burrows, J. Lewthwaite, M. MacDermid, C. Wallace, E. Albertsen, V. Thorkelson, J. Peterson, J. Swinden, A. Thomas.

THIRD ROW-C. Burrell, L. Elliott, J. Munro, R. Riesenberg, N. White, C. Armstrong, R. Burrell, P. Brodie, C. Kipp.

SECOND ROW-J. Adams, C. Albertsen, C. Mills, C. Bobrowski, R. Wallace, H. McGibbon, B. Howatt, J. Harris, J. Welply.

FRONT ROW-D. Wilson, P. McMahon, S. Stewart-Smith, J. Smerchanski, M. Andison, A. Urquhart, M. Brown, K. Curry.

ABSENT-S. Moorhouse, A. Laird.



The White House

In these White House Notes, I could tell you about our below zero round-the-drive A.M. trek; or about the senior lineup for the telephone; or the stampede for the mail, or the pocket money push on Friday; or the uplift in a boarder's life since Santa brought a TV to our Christmas party. (More than ever we now believe in Santa Claus!) BUT I'd rather let you meet the Senior boarders at the end of the day.

It is 9:25 P.M. and the warning bell rings. Then comes the sprint for the nearest washbasin. After the dust settles, and twenty-three sets of teeth have been brushed, a brief tour will show our beaming boarders at their most wide-awake time — just before "lights out."

In the "Fire-Escape Room" on the third floor, we find — at least we hope to find, four girls. Being careful not to fall over Sue, who is diligently exercising on the floor, we meet Pat, brushing her auburn (?) locks and soliloquizing on the best method of exterminating prefects. From the corner come giggles where Amy and Valdine are discussing past and future weekends.

The "Bunk Room" next door is also relatively quiet — except for an occasional sigh from Helen who has just discovered that Marlon Brando has three of the cutest freckles. A peek down into the lower bunk will reveal Maureen, who, if she isn't writing a letter, to far-off parts of the world, will be adding another guide badge to her uniform. Tasma, her long hair flowing, has just completed a flying "grande jete" in the hall and is now applying her well-worn elastic bandage to the injured limb.

Elvis Presley's vocalizing lures us into the "River Room" where Carol demonstrates her version of his various contortions. Judy, cup of tea in hand, offers us some sustenance, while Gail displays her latest collection of light literature. "Candy", taking a little time off from her Chemistry, broods over several pictures and appears to be in quite another world.

Downstairs, we are ushered into the tidiest room in the residence. Three dwell there now, Elsie, Margaret, and our flood guest, Anne. They seem quiet, but everyone knows that mischief done well is done silently.

We are drawn across the hall by the enticing aroma of "Blue Grass", and following our noses, we find Kathy, clad as she usually isn't, on her way out. Her destination, of course, is the bathtub, where she can be found at almost any time. Also in this room is Gale, who is, without doubt, our "Happy"est boarder. We have just arrived in time for her nightly hair measuring session. This cheerful threesome is completed by Phyllis, our dancer from Indiana. The possessor of a

lovely pony-tail, Phyllis adds a charm of her own to the residence.

Lastly, we enter the Grade Eleven room which contains, as well as a piano, and various stuffed animals, five boarders. Brenda, our "arty" member is seriously considering her case of soft drink addiction. Joy, our prospective medical student, delves into the mystery of her green feet. Lyn comes next, still trying to find the hour lost by daylight-saving; she was last seen producing this article after the magazine had gone to press. Betty, the cheerful element, makes it her business to supervise the fifth and youngest member, Anthea. Anthea keeps the room alive with music of all kinds, including her musical (?) laughter.

Now we have only one more person to meet—and here she is with her hand on the light switch. It's our own Mrs. Little, who patiently supervises our large family. With her cheerful "Good-night," each room becomes quiet and the White House gradually falls asleep.

Lyn Stephen, Resident Head.

English Homework by a Grade X Boarder (Revised Version)

7 a.m. bell:

"Such it is

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day That creep into a dreamer's ear."

Monday morning excuse:

''I pray you,

Give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well."

Dieter at dinner:

'The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me.'

Room inspection:

"Too long a pause for that which you find there."

Mail:

"I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly."

8:10 snack — Seniors:

"I will not jump with common spirits And rank me with the barbarious multitudes."

Telephone:

"I never heard a passion so confused, So strange, outrageous, and so variable."

Returning after an out-weekend:

"His hour is almost past

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour."

10 p.m. Studying with flashlight:

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

12:00 Midnight:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon these 'bunks'."

Red House Drama

Directors and Wardrobe Mistresses:

Mrs. Elliot Miss McMillan

Patrons: Mrs. Elliot, Miss McMillan, Miss Foster,

Miss Klimack Stage Manager: Beth Cast: Red House Boarders

Understudies: Caroline, Rosalind, Carol, Judy, Anita, Nancy Ann, Patricia, Nancy, Kathy,

Jane.

Plot: Scene by Scene

Scene 1: "The Gem"—Margaret is waltzing about the room, while Ginny, also practising ballet, is carefully dodging her flying roommate. Susan wishes the floor wouldn't shake so and eyes the clock, to see how much longer until dinner time.

Scene 2: The room in which Diane Philipps, Judy Stevenson, Susan Claydon and Shirley Donaldson live in peace, harmony and contentment. The radio is on full volume but the occupants never seem to tire of its racket, mostly Presley.

Scene 3: Day in, day out, Lynda and Rose in the "Buttonhole," skip their way in and out of trouble with their ever-present skipping ropes.

Scene 4: Like butterflies, Carol, Judy, and Susan alight on "The Cabbage Leaf" when they are not gazing at TV.

Scene 5: "Devil's Cave:" The four laughing occupants of this room, Joan Gallie, Joan Burton, Sylvia Moorhouse and Judy Adams divide their free time between the Common Room and the gym.

Scene 6: The Duo, Lily and Louise should be good for each other! Lily teaches her roommate about the Eskimos, while in return, Louise tries to teach Lily to drink milk.

The End

As the curtain falls on the last scene, actors and patrons alike retire to their respective quarters for it is past their bedtime.

Ginny and Shirley.

Dawn

Out of the window at early dawn See the dew sparkling on every lawn The street lights still shining, but far in the east The rosy dawn's fingers reach over the least Of the creatures on earth and also the mighty Even on me standing here in my nightie.

> Rosalind Wallace, Grade VII.

The Christmas Party

Such excitement as occurred at our Christmas Party on December sixteenth has never been exceeded. This dinner is one of the highlights of a boarder's life when she dons her taffeta to look her best. Gathered in the drawing-room in Christmas gaiety we sang Christmas Carols until dinner was announced. Only the low conversation and the swish of taffeta dresses could be heard as we approached the candle-lit dining-room festive with wreaths of holly and a lighted tree. The delicious aroma of the browning turkey greeted us as we neared the dining-room.

Stimulated by the gay atmosphere we put on our colourful hats and began an excited conversation which consisted of holiday plans and Christ-

mas gifts.

After the traditional dinner of turkey and all the trimmings, the staff retired to the drawingroom for coffee and "Amahl and the Night Visitors" while the eager boarders and guests dashed to the gaily-decorated Common Room to meet Santa. Just a little later, when the staff had joined us for a sing-song, the door opened and guess what was brought in—the Christmas Party, exciting in itself, came to a dramatic climax with the arrival of—our greatest wish—TELEVISION!

E. Albertsen, Grade X.

Some "Doggerel" Verse

There is many a dog in the world today, Some as you know just love to play, Others are used on a hunting day, And some are left out in the cold to stray. Bobby the Beagle is small in size He's brown and white and has fine brown eyes, When he's out hunting he loves to run Like his master he works but also has fun. Lassie the Collie with the lovely soft eyes Has a thick golden coat and is very wise, Her adventures with Jeff her young master we see With eager delight each week on T.V. Peter the Mongrel or the cute circus dog Can jump over hurdles or roll on a log He's a mixture of everything little to big And will sometimes be silly and dance to a jig. Duchess the Dachshund is lengthy in style She's a very dark brown with a cute cheery smile. She romps in the garden and once in a while She buries herself in the old oak leave pile. But our old Red Setter—we still call him "Pup" Loves sleeping in doorways, won't even get up, So we all walk around him while he grunts and he

And kicks while he's dreaming of burying bones. Lynn Funnell,

Grade VII.



IS EVERYTHING UNDER THE BED?



THE DRAWING ROOM

"Seven Up" — and how we fizz!

Geographically we are extensive with Margaret Fisher our ballet star from Edmonton, Joan Burton from Calgary, Judy Stevenson from Portage la Prairie, and Joan Gallie who flies in from Lynn Lake.

Musically we have many enthusiasts but none who can perform like Mary Louise McKenty.

Artistically we are pleased to know the work of Jane Welply, Judy Evans and Louise Watson.

Domestically our Judy Harris outshines us all in sewing and cooking.

Athletically we are all enthusiasts but Nancy Ann and Rosalind are gymnasts of note and specially interested in games are Suzanne, Lindsay, Diana, Geraldine and Carole.

Dramatically we think Alix Palk is quite a star — so also Lynn Funnell, Wendy Bracken and Brenda Howat and we were proud of them in their parts in the Emperor's New Clothes.

Scholastically—Well, our aim of course, is Grade VIII.

Grade Seven.

Roman Triumph

The general was riding in his chariot of gold— Without a show of modesty He looked so strong and bold. His handsome head was in the sky In poise of haughty grandeur As he rode amidst the shout of praise Aware of his own splendour, Not a single thought was spent Upon the men left on field. His stallion had crushed them Midst bloody spear and shield, His own fair body left unharmed— No drop of blood did yield. He saw the Arch of Triumph Looming high above the crowd. His ancestors went through it— They too'd been cold and proud. The thronging crowd placed laurel Upon his youthful brow.

> Louise McKenty, Grade VII.

When I was a bunny, My ears were so funny, They would waggle and wiggle, And make people giggle.

Linda Adams, Grade II.

Grade Eight

Subject: Grade Eight Class of 1956.

Time: 1966.

Place: Their Occupations.

The Grade Eight class seems to have done well since we last saw them. Let us find out who is doing what —

Here are three doctors in consultation, Carol Anne Fields, Barbara Gillespie and Susan Peers, the latter specializing in asthmatic conditions. Not far away, Deidre White, Ann Connacher, Susan Claydon and Margaret Buchanan are busy graduate nurses but still find time to make eyes at the interns.

In the business world we see Cydney Burrell, Caroline Shepard, architects, and Judy Hamilton interior decorator, counting their precious dollars, result of their good sense.

Not to be taken seriously, we see our stewardess, Judy Munro, leaning over a sink but not doing dishes. Her three passengers, Tanny Armytage of the Little Theatre, Shirley Donaldson, a successful teacher, and Carole Mills, now a model, seem to be enjoying themselves while Judy attends to their every need.

The music world isn't without a candidate either for here is Judy Adams, the Metropolitan soprano. We must not forget Ginny Cernohlavek and Tasma Butler, our ballerinas, who have recently moved from amateur to professional standing and can be seen doing pas de chats across the stage.

Even though there's not much privacy for a private secretary, Gail Steele has her own ideas. And naturally where twenty-one girls are involved there is also food and our dietitian, Heather Miller, has little difficulty in feeding hungry stomachs such as the long distance swimmer's — Dianne Philipps. Last but not least is Signe Salzberg who has at last graduated from Grade Eight Maths. to a husband and household accounts.

Grade VIII.

Springtime

So long we waited for the spring, It seemed the snow would never go, That birds again would never sing. But now the sky is blue and clear The air is warm and April's here.

> Anne Sellars, Grade VI.

With Grade Nine in Scotland

Find the names of the twenty-three girls in Grade Nine.

It was DAWN and a GAIL had been blowing across the FORD stirring the MOSS beside the ROSS River. A RAE of sunlight made the scales of the BASS in the river shine. In MUS - GROVE and EL - WOOD the LYNN-don trees were silent now.

On this beautiful morning Andrew LAIRD brought out his old SHELLEY-ly from SIDG-WICK, Ireland. The black-SMITH, Angus McFARLAND, was hammering on his ANS vil and the children were s-KIPP-ing in the streets. ELIZABETH, the blacksmith's wife, was talking to Miss MIRIAM, the new carolist, commending her on the beauty of the two CAROLS she sang last Sunday. ALL - MAN has FAITH on a morning such as this.

Grade IX.

Christmas Boxes

During three consecutive days of December, commencing on December 6, we brought toys, canned goods, and clothing in aid of children who are less fortunate than ourselves.

These lovely presents were packed in "Christmas Boxes" and then sent to Canadian Save the Children Fund, to a School in Red Deer, Alberta, and also to Point Douglas Mission.

Founder's Day Rally

The 16th Company, Winnipeg attended the Scout and Guide Rally, which was held on Sunday, February 19th at 3:00 p.m. in the Winnipeg Civic Auditorium. As the Lieutenant Governor entered it was an impressive picture to see all the Guides, Brownies, Scouts and Cubs standing in the strictest silence. Both the Scouts and Guides acted in the pageants. The Scouts showed how the Guide-Scout movement developed from a small group of interested boys and girls to the immense organization it is today. The Guides illustrated the hugeness of the movement with their flags and uniforms of many countries and they told of the cabanya now being built in Mexico.

All in all, the afternoon was one for all guides to remember.

Grade Ten

- Elsie Albertsen—"He that hath patience may compass anything."
- Judy Bonnycastle—"Then he will talk good gods! how he will talk!"
- Phyllis Brodie—"And then she danced oh heaven, her dancing!"
- Pat Craig—"I am not arguing with you I am telling you."
- Kathy Fahlman—"Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness."
- Naomi Genser—"If music be the food of love, play on."
- Margaret Gillespie—"But me no buts."
- Leone Heuchert—"Better late than never."
- Beryl Hoare—"Oh to be in England, Now that April's there . . ."
- Shelagh Kelsey—"God forbid that I should go to any heaven in which there are no horses."
- Joan Laird—"He doth nothing but talk of his horse."
- Margaret MacDermid "A penny for your thought."
- Linda Manchester—"A gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne."
- Gale McLaughlin—"Oh, make us "happy" and you make us good."
- Joan Peterson—"A horse! A horse! my kingdom for a horse!"
- Eva Pokoly—"So much one man can do, That does both act and know."
- Reesa Riesenberg—"I have mark'd A thousand blushing apparitions To stare into her face."
- Carol Stirling—"I'll die an American."
- Jayne Swinden—"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."
- Alyson Thomas—"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."
- Valdine Thorkelson—"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."
- Carol Trimble—"What is history but a fable agreed upon."
- Carol Wallace—"Practice makes perfect."
- Anne Wheatcroft—"A hard beginning maketh a good ending."
- Nancy White-"Pearl of great price."
- Mrs. Vaughan's feelings by 4.00 p.m. "What fools these mortals be!"



THE LIBRARY

LIBRARY REPORT

This year, with the new building, Balmoral Hall is the possessor of a brand new Library. This spacious room, of which we are most proud, is bright and attractive, and provides an ideal place for study and quiet reading.

The Library is also the home of our new and much admired trophy cabinet, and the famous Sir James Aikins Memorial House Trophy.

We are happy to express our appreciation in this magazine for the many gifts and books which have been given to the Library during the past year and special appreciation for the new set of Encyclopaedia Britannica, the lovely mahogany table and the painting by Masson.

But even more than gifts is the work which is now in progress to organize our Library. The Mothers' Auxiliary has great plans which include assistance at our Library Tea — a Mother-Daughter project being held in May, to raise funds for new books and for the complete cataloguing of the Library. Thanks to the expert guidance of Miss Myrtle Lewis, Mrs. Moody and her workshop committee, we hope to find the Dewey System functioning smoothly by next September.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the girls on the Executive and Committee who were so helpful in unpacking the books in November, organizing a temporary but workable system, and have continued throughout the year to keep the Library in good order. And I am sure that my committee joins me in thanking Miss Foster for her constant support and advice throughout this interesting year of change to new surroundings.

Lyn Stephen, Librarian.

THE LIBRARY EXECUTIVE

Chief Librarian - Lyn Stephen

Carol Cross Jennifer Rose
Diane Grindley Joanne Blight
Jacqueline Hoare Gayle McLean
Judy Lewthwaite Daphne Smith

Carol McNeill

Committee

X Judy Bonnycastle IX Maureen Ford
Shelagh Kelsey Barbara Sidgwick
Carol Trimble Elizabeth Kilgour
Nancy White Jane Ross

Balmoral Book Worm

There are long worms and short worms And fat, crawly inchworms But the Balmoral Hall worm Is a spectacled Book Worm.

With "specs" on his nose
And a book in his hand
Our Balmoral Book Worm
Presided.
"Please purchase!" quoth he
At our Library Tea—
And library books were
Provided.

The Library Tea

A Mother and Daughter Project

The book worm came into his own when used as the decoration theme for a very successful library project on May 25th. Since 1950 when Rupert's Land and Riverbend amalgamated, a temporary filing system has been functioning but it has been known for some time that the library should be catalogued under one system, that never used books should give place to books that are greatly needed and that students should be attracted to the Library and hence to wider reading.

The Library Committee of the Mothers' Auxiliary under the direction of Miss Myrtle Lewis now

retired from the Department of Education Library, set to work to carry out this project and plan to have it completed by September of this year. Funds were needed for cataloguing, equipment and new books, and a Library Tea seemed to be the answer.

Under the able organization of the House Heads, the students raised \$875.00. How did they do it? Each House had its own tea table attractively set up in the gymnasium and in addition each House directed a project. Ballater organized games in the Common Room. Braemar had a fish pond in the Art Studio and sold cold drinks and "Balmoralbergs" in the Home Economics Room. Craig Gowan's Home Cooking table in the Kindergarten was highly successful and Glen Gairn contributed attractively packaged home-made candy, and bags and bags of popcorn.

The book project was a huge success. About one hundred carefully selected books were displayed in the centre of the tea room and interested parents and friends, impressed by the clever book worms, purchased the books and placed them on a specially prepared library shelf at the door. When the books were all sold many purchased book covers which had been selected by the committee and designed by the girls. Receipts from this book project amounted to five hundred dollars. Thanks to generous donors, the grand total at the end of this very successful and happy afternoon was just over \$1,500.00. What a Library we shall have in September.

SPORTS



THE BASKETBALL TEAM

STANDING—Di. Smith, G. McLean, J. Lewthwaite, B. McRae, L. Stephen, Da. Smith. KNEELING—E. Pokoly, G. McLaughlin, J. Mathewson, J. McDiarmid, B. Hoare, D. McPhail. SITTING—Jacquie Hoare, Sports Captain.

SPORTS REPORT, 1955 - 1956

As I compile the material for this report, I notice that sports have played an important part this year at Balmoral Hall. The activity started with Sports Day and continued through the year with volleyball, basketball, skating, broomball, base-

ball, ping-pong and swimming.

I would like to thank Mrs. Watton for all the help that she has given me throughout the year and for arranging the exhibition basketball matches. I would also like to thank the school basketball team for attending practices so regularly and enthusiastically, and don't forget that "energy-giving" Lucozade, girls! My thanks go also to the sports captains of each House, Jane Matheson, Beryl Hoare, Jennifer Rose and Judy Lewthwaite. In closing I would like to wish every success to next year's Sports Captain. Even though I won't be present to present her with the pin personally, she can be assured of my good wishes.

Jacquie Hoare, Sports Captain

TRACK AND FIELD

October 12th, cold but sunny, marked the occasion of our Sports Day. The variety of events allowed every girl to participate in the sport of her choice. Competition was keen, as one could judge by the final result. Braemar captured the honours with Craig Gowan placing a close second and Ballater third.

Senior Champion—Judy Lewthwaite, Glen Gairn.

Intermediate Champion—Leslie Musgrove, Braemar.

Junior Champion—Caroline Shepard, Braemar. Midget Champion—Susan Hamilton, Ballater.

BASKETBALL

Basketball—As there were so many enthusiastic participants for basketball this year, the house games proved to be very exciting and very close. Craig Gowan succeeded in obtaining first place, and Ballater and Braemar tied for second position. Glen Gairn placed fourth.

This year no school team entered the City League Basketball Tournament, but a team did represent the School in some exhibition games. The team was very successful and the girls practised long and hard to obtain victory. For their outstanding ability in basketball six girls received their basketball colours: Jacquie Hoare, Joy McDiarmid, Gayle McLean, Dianne McPhail, Daphne and Diane Smith. Congratulations, girls.

VOLLEYBALL

Volleyball—The Inter-House volleyball games showed keen competition and spirit. Craig Gowan placed first in the tournament, Braemar second, and Glen Gairn and Ballater third. Congratulations, Craig Gowan.

Four girls were awarded their volleyball letters for good work here: Jacquie Hoare, Joy Mc-Diarmid, Gale McLaughlin, and Diane Smith. Congratulations again.

BROOMBALL

Broomball—The members of the four houses participated in a game new to us this year—that of broomball. It provided lots of entertainment although no goals were scored.

ALUMNAE MATCH

Volleyball won by Old girls—Basketball won by Present girls.

SKATING

Skating—In addition to Broomball as an out-door winter activity, we also had our annual skating races. As usual they provided close competition and fun. Each house chose a representative from Grades 7 and 8; Grades 9 and 10; and 11 and 12. Geraldine Jacobson of Craig Gowan, Lesley Musgrove of Braemar, and Dianne McPhail of Glen Gairn were the respective winners. The junior skating races were very exciting and when the points were finally totalled, Craig Gowan placed first, Glen Gairn and Ballater a close second and third, and Braemar fourth.

PING PONG

House honours go to Craig Gowan with Jennifer Rose the Senior Champion, Miriam Lazareck the Intermediate Champion. Ginny Cernohlavek and Susan Peers won the intermediate doubles and Joy McDiarmid and Jacquie Hoare the senior doubles.

SWIMMING

Three cheers for Braemar who once again swam off with the trophy at the Swimming Meet on May 23rd. Intermediates and Seniors competed in style, speed, and novelty races. Top scorer in Senior diving was Jane Mathewson of Ballater House and Craig Gowan won the House relay.



CRAIG GOWAN FIRST VOLLEYBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—D. Elwood, L. Stephen, B. McRae, P. Smith, N. Genser, J. Blight. FRONT ROW—L Capling, Di. Smith, Daphne Smith, B. Sidgwick, E. Pokoly. CRAIG GOWAN'S SECOND VOLLEYBALL TEAM: Jennifer Rose (Captain), Anthea Dykes, Donna Lowery, Diane Grindley, Carol McNeill, Judy Bonnycastle, Carol Stirling, Carol Trimble, Susan Peers, Alix Palk, Geraldine Jacobson, Wendy Bracken.



GYMNASTIC CHAMPIONS 1955-1956

Senior Gymnast — Joy McDiarmid Runner up — Carol Wallace Intermediate — Margaret Fisher Junior — Anita Urquhart Midget — Janet Arnold, Jane Moody

EXCHANGES

The Editors wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

ALMAFILIAN	_	Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario
THE SHIELD		The Annie Wright Seminary, Tacoma, Washington
THE ATHERLEY SCHOOL MAGAZINE		
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE		
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN		Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ontario
THE CROFTONIAN		Crofton House School, Vancouver, B.C.
BREEZES		Daniel McIntyre Collegiate Institute, Winnipeg
		Elmwood, Ottawa, Ontario
PURPLE AND GOLD	_	Gordon Bell High School, Winnipeg
OLLA PODRIDA		
LUDEMUS	-	Havergal College, Toronto, Ontario
NEWTONIAN	-	Isaac Newton High School, Winnipeg
PER ANNOS	-	King's Hall, Compton, P.O.
THE MORETONIAN		
THE TALLOW DIP		
VOCAMUS	-	Ou'Appelle Diocesan School, Regina, Sask.
BLEATINGS	_	St. Agnes School, Albany, N.Y.
ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE	-	St. Helen's School, Dunham, Quebec
		St. John's-Ravenscourt, Fort Garry, Manitoba
CARDINAL		St, Margaret's School, Victoria, B.C.
PIBROCH		
TRAFALGAR ECHOES		
TRIC TICS		
THE WINKLER COLLEGIAN		
THE YORK HOUSE CHRONICLE		
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BALMORAL HALL CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS TERM 1955 Boarders arrive. Sept. 14 Sept. 15 Opening Prayers Diane Smith, Head Girl, receives her Sept. 19 Jacqueline Hoare elected Sports Captain. Sept. 20 House Heads elected. Sept. 21 Class Presidents elected. First House Meetings. Sept. 27 Prefects and Seniors assist at St John's-Sept. 30 Ravenscourt Coffee Party. Oct. 6 House Heads receive pins from former Heads. Oct. Thanksgiving Weekend. Jacqueline Hoare presented with School Oct. 12 Captain's Pin by Geills Kilgour. School Prayers: Rev. N. R. Mercer. School Prayers: Dr. H. A. Young, Tor-Oct. 14 onto, and Rev. Canon L. F. Wilmot. Oct. 18 Sports Day. Boarders attend "The Messiah". Oct. 20 Oct. 24 United Nations' Day. Oct. 28 Initiation Party. Nov. 1 School Choir sings at St. John's College Commemoration Service in the Cathedral. Nov. Junior Symphony attended by Grades VII, VIII and IX. Nov. 3 Boarders attend performance by Royal Winnipeg Ballet. Nov. 8 First Girl Guide Meeting. Nov. First meeting of Library Executive. Nov. 10 First meeting of Magazine Executive. Armistice Day: Rev. Canon L. F. Wil-Nov. 11 mot took a special Service. Moving day to new building. Nov. 14 Two more prefects appointed. First day in New School Building. Boarders' Weekend Nov. 18 Nov. 22 Boarders see "La Bohème". Boarders see "H.M.S. Pinafore". Nov. 23 Nov. 28 Boarders attend University production of "Hamlet". Dec. 9-20 Christmas Examinations. Dec. 19 Christmas Party for Staff, Prefects and Boarders.

EASTER TERM 1956

Christmas Carol Service 2:30 p.m.

Opening and Dedication of New Build-

School closes for Christmas Vacation.

Jan. 10 Boarders return.Jan. 11 School re-opens.

ing 3:30 p.m.

Dec. 20

- Jan. 23 Inspector D. H. Stewart visits Balmoral Hall.
- Jan. 27 Skating and Tobogganing Party for Grade XI and XII. (Basketball—Day-Girls vs. Boarders.)
- Feb. 2 Rev. Canon Ahab Spence of Wilkie, Saskatchewan, came to Prayers.
- Feb. 15 Ash Wednesday—School Prayers: Rev. J. C. Clough.
- Feb. 24 Alumnae Games' Night.
- Feb. 28 Boarders attend performance of Royal Winnipeg Ballet.
- Feb. 29 Craig Gowan wins Basketball series. Broomball participated in by all Houses.
- Mar. 1 Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs Churchill High.
- Mar. 7 Skating Races.
- Mar. 8 School Gymnastics Competitions
- Mar. 9 Boarders' Weekend.
- Mar. 12 Basketball Game—Balmoral Hall vs. Churchill High.
- Mar. 14 Balmoral Hall Auxiliary Meeting.
- Mar. 17 Manitoba Gymnastic Competitions. Cadet Ball at St. John's-Ravenscourt.
- Mar. 20 28th—Easter Term Examinations.
- Mar. 28 School closes for the Easter Vacation.

SUMMER TERM

- Apr. 10 Boarders return
- Apr. 11 School re-opens. House pins presented.
- Apr. 13 Red Cross Drive.
- Apr. 14 Alumnae Scholarship Tea.
- Apr. 20 Junior High School Play, "The Emperor's New Clothes".
- May 2 Salk Vaccine—Kindergarten to Grade VIII.
- May 18 21st Victoria Day Weekend.
- May 23 Inter House Swimming Meet at Y.W.C.A.
- May 25 Mother-Daughter Library Tea.
- May 31 Demonstration of Junior and Senior Gymnastics 3 p.m. Presentation of Athletic Awards 4 p.m.
- June 9 Alumnae Luncheon for Graduating Class.
- June 10 Closing Service, St. Luke's Church 7 p.m.
- June 15 Closing Exercises at Westminster Church, 3 p.m., followed by Garden Party at Balmoral Hall and Graduation Dance at the School, 9 p.m.



Graduates

CAROL CROSS:

Carol, secretary of Braemar, has had an active year playing volleyball and swimming. She was class president for a term and a valuable member of the Library Executive. An efficient prefect and jovial boarder, our "Historian" plans to "take off" next year to British Columbia to begin nursing in the Vancouver General Hospital. We all wish you the best, Carol.

DIANE GRINDLEY:

"Grin,' the "Liberace" of grade XII, has supplied the music for our hymns every morning throughout the past year. She is the able secretary of Craig Gowan House and has participated in Craig Gowan sports this year. She is also a member of the library executive. We wish her bonne chance in the future for whatever she may do.

JACQUELINE HOARE:

Jacquie, our popular and able Sports Captain is Grade Twelve's "ray of sunshine." Participating in all School sports, she received her letters for basketball and volleyball. She is also a prefect of two years' standing and is on the magazine executive. Next year will find Jacquie in England at the Platype School of Business, regaining her Engglish accent. Good luck, Jacquie.

JUDY LEWTHWAITE:

Judy, our new girl from Emerson, is one of Grade XII's most popular and cheerful members. Active in sports Judy was Glen Gairn's sports captain, won the Senior Field Day cup, swam and played volleyball, basketball and ping-pong. Piano, choir and the Magazine Executive also found a place in Judy's busy schedule. The residence will miss Judy's tea drinking next year as she starts her career in Pharmacy. Best of luck, Judy!

CAROL McNEILL:

"Candy" hails from Empress, Alberta. This year she was on the Library Executive and played on the house volleyball team. Candy is notorious in the residence for her quiet (?) laugh. Her pet peeve is trying to take both grade eleven and twelve Chemistry at once (right Miss Sharman?). She still keeps everyone guessing about that weekend in Emerson. Next year Candy plans to take up nursing and we wish her every success.

JENNIFER ROSE:

"Jeff" this year's Senior Prefect has had an active year. She spirited Craig Gowan to victory in volleyball and basketball, and undertook the organization of the ping-pong tournament. In between games Jeff found time to play the piano and sing soprano in the choir. She was also a member of the Library and Magazine Executives. Next year, Balmoral's loss will be the General Hospital's gain as Jeff starts her nursing career.

PATRICIA SMITH:

Pat can be found at noon either playing pingpong or discussing a formula in Chemistry with her fellow students. She is a soprano in the choir and is a member of the Library and Magazine Executives. Pat also has played basketball and volleyball for Craig Gowan, and has been Grade Twelve's Class president for a term. Next year Pat plans to enter the Winnipeg General Hospital and we shall miss our cheery prefect. Good luck, Pat!

JOANNE BLIGHT

As a loyal supporter of Craig Gowan House, Jo has spent four good years at Balmoral Hall. Besides being Vice-President of grade eleven class, Jo is a member of the advertising committee for the magazine and is also a member of the choir. Her future plans including nursing after Grade XII at Balmoral. Best of luck, Joanne.

GAIL BURROWS

"Abbie" can always be found with an infectious giggle. While spending ten enviable years at Balmoral Hall she has been a loyal supporter of Glen Gairn House, is one of the choir's altos and played volleyball. Gail is going to Success Business College next year. Best of luck in your future plans, Gail.

ROBIN BROWN

This "gal with the yellow hair" is better known to all as "Butch". She is from Lac du Bonnet and has attended Balmoral as a boarder and as a day girl. After graduating she plans to take a business course. Heaps of luck in your work next year "Butch"!





BRENDA DOUGALL

Brenda, our dancer from Port Arthur, can usually be seen either coming from or going to ballet. She is a prefect and between lessons, she finds time to be the very competent editor of our magazine, a gymnast, and a redhead. Brenda, who is famous for her colourful knee socks, her "hairdos", and originality and wit, has a lively interest in Edmonton. Next year while pursuing further knowledge at United College, Brenda will continue her work at the Canadian School of Ballet.

ANTHEA DYKES

"Dirk", from the oil city of Wetaskiwin, has spent two years here making the residence "rock" to her jive records. She not only holds together the alto section in the choir but is an ardent pianist. Anthea, our former class president, enjoys taking part in basketball, volleyball and swimming. As well she finds time to keep track of our activities in the school log. Grade XII will see Anthea next year before she heads for the University.

JOY FITTON

"Joyous" comes from Nipawin, Saskatchewan. She is an enthusiastic singer and livens the life in residence with her songs and is a member of the school choir. She enjoys volleyball and also swimming. "Polish your shoes", Joy says as she is uniform monitress for Ballater House. Next year will see Joy in Grade XII at Balmoral Hall before she begins her work in the field of Medicine.

DONNA LOWERY

Donna, a member of Craig Gowan, was our representative for the Red Cross this year. Donna is a soprano in the choir, a talented pianist and an excellent volleyball server. She has long amused us with her efforts en francais. We shall not soon forget those little remarks followed by that laugh with which she has so often lifted us from the depths of despair. Her future plans include nursing after Grade XII at Balmoral Hall. The very best to you in the future, Donna.

JANE MATHEWSON:

Janie, our energetic Eaton's Junior Councillor, is a member of the magazine executive and an alto in the school choir. The capable sports captain of Ballater House was very active in both volleyball and basketball; she also swims, plays broomball and skates (dusts the ice!). Jannikin's cheerful laughter may soon echo at U. of M.

GAIL McCULLOCH:

Gail came to us this year from St. Michael's Academy in Brandon. She has supported Braemar in both volleyball and basketball, also taking an active interest in swimming. Gail keeps us posted on the activities of the Brandon Regals. She plans to return to Balmoral Hall next year. Good luck, Gail,

JOY McDIARMID:

"Joey" a prefect and head of Braemar House is our advertising manager and a member of the school choir (oh, that voice!). Excelling in all sports, she received her "Letter' in both basketball and volleyball—is a swimmer and is this year's senior gymnast. Congratulations on all counts. We wait for the day when we address her as "Doctor Joey."

GAYLE McLEAN:

"Gaylia" our pert and pretty head of Ballater House has an enviable eleven-year record at this School. She is an efficient member of the library executive and an alto in the school choir. She was also active in volleyball, swimming and broomball and winner of a basketball "Letter." Next year Gayle plans to attend the University of Manitoba.

DIANNE McPHAIL:

"Pixie" is a prefect and the energetic head of Glen Gairn House. She has been active in all sports (especially basketball) and sings in the school choir. Next year Di will be adding her sparkle to the halls of Success Business College. We'll miss you Di. Good luck in your future plans.

BETTY McRAE:

Betty, alias Granny, can always be depended upon to keep the boarders smiling and happy. She is Craig Gowan's star centre and uniform monitress. Betty participates in the choir, school basketball team and is exchange editor of our magazine. She is noted for—her infectious laugh, and her impeccable taste in clothes. Betty's plans for next year include Grade XII at Balmoral Hall before entering University of Manitoba. All the best, Gran!





AUDREY PETURSON:

This gal, a one time boarder, hies from the far north of Thicket Portage and is better known as Pete. This year she has been House Secretary for Ballater House. September will find her back at Balmoral for Grade XII before she begins her course to train as laboratory technician. Best of luck, Pete!

DAPHNE SMITH:

Daph—our vivacious Craig Gowan House Head is the eldest of the "talented twosome." She has participated in all school activities, is an enthusiastic member of both volleyball and basketball teams and swimming team and the proud possessor of a basketball "Letter." Her contributions also include a position on the library executive and in the school choir. Daph. the "prez" of our "100 club," plans to enter Science at the University of Manitoba next year. Heres to you, Daph!

DIANE SMITH:

Di our energetic Head Girl, who is always ready to lend a helping hand is the other half of the "talented twosome." Despite her many School duties, she has also found time for the School choir and the magazine exeuctive. She is the proud wearer of basketball and volleyball "Letters" and participated in the broomball, skating and swimming events for Craig Gowan. You'll see "Spi" out at the University of Manitoba next year.

MARILYN STEPHENSON:

Marilyn is our class president and is Braemar's uniform monitress. She has been active this year on the advertising side of the magazine, in library work, and in the soprano section of our choir and has even had time for some games. Once a boarder, Marilyn has taken "great care" of the Grade XI's in residence and we certainly hope to see Marilyn back for Grade XII next year before she begins life at the University.

LYN STEPHEN:

Lyn is a prefect and as head of the Senior Residence, strives to keep the boarders on the straight and narrow path. She has been Head Librarian but she also finds time for the choir and plays the piano. She plays volleyball, swims and is a guard on the school basketball team. In spite of all her many occupations she manages to maintain a heavy correspondence with Toronto. Lyn will brighten the life in Grade XII next September before she dons a cap at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

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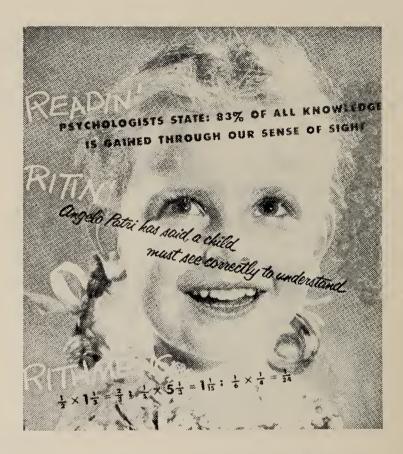


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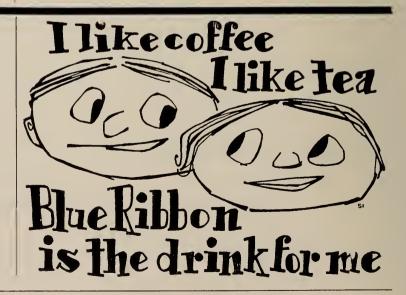


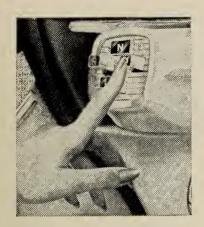
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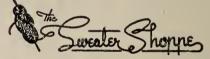
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